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THE FORUM

For July, 1917

THE VOICE OF FRANCE

GUSTAVE HERVÉ

(TRANSLATED FROM "LA VICTOIRE," PARIS, BY BARTON BLAKE)

THERE is a vigor and rhythm in all the phrases of M. Hervé's prose which confers upon his least studied utterances an emotional value achieved by very few popularizers of democratic doctrine. Gustave Hervé is a product of the famous Ecole Normale Supérieure, like the late Jean Jaurès and like Anatole France. He did not long continue his teaching career, for at college he preached anti-militarism with such a vigor as to bring down upon him the punishments of the law. Hervé studied law, too, but he was expelled from the Paris Bar, and, in all, spent about eleven years in prison for anti-nationalist propaganda. When the Great War broke out, Hervé was editing a weekly organ of radical Socialism called "La Guerre Sociale." Germany's savage attack upon Belgium and France convinced Hervé that his former course had been mistaken; he was converted to Patriotism! He changed his newspaper from a weekly to a daily, and rechristened it "La Victoire"; and but for the fact that he is a rather stout and middle-aged person with defective eyesight, it is safe to say that Citizen Hervé would have served from August 4, 1914, as a volunteer in the ranks of the French Army. As editor of "La Victoire" his work, however, has been far more valuable than his service in the trenches possibly could have been.

Time was when Hervé, like the most eloquent spokesman

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of socialism in France, Deputy Jean Jaurès, editor of "l'Humanité," believed in the sincerity of his German "comrades." He has now had a chance to see just how much the German Social Democracy amounted to, put to the test by the Kaiser's Will to War. And he has seen. It is not because they are *German* Socialists that Hervé distrusts and despises the Social Democrats beyond the Rhine. It is because, being preachers of the "Internationale," they have neither dared, nor apparently desired, to practice their preaching; above all because they have been unintelligent and uncritical in their loyalty to Germany, while, in their loyalty to France, French Internationalists have been, above all, critical and discriminating. "It is not purely to be founded upon natural and racial sympathies—the position of the Internationalist in these last two years," insists Hervé. "The Kaiser Napoleon and the Kaiser Wilhelm have tried the same trick—down with them both then! I am for the Allies of 1814 as well as for the Allies of 1914."

That the German Social Democracy exerted a real control over the European Internationalist movement up to August, 1914, no one denies. Perhaps we commit an understatement in adding that the German Social Democracy has, in general, conceived of Internationalism as weakening every nationality *except its own.* Therein lay the danger. While Pan-Germanism and the Children-of-Israel-Promised-Land-Super-Folk Germans of the gun-toting and mystical-interpretation-of-history types were arming to the teeth for aggression, it was the rôle of these German "Internationalists" to preach loving kindness to "comrades" beyond the Teutonic frontiers. Their influence, expressed in Ministries and Parliamentary Oppositions throughout Europe, affected the foreign policy and military programme of every civilized State—unless you still classify Germany and Austria as civilized States.

Such an intelligence as that of old Georges Clémenceau, the Cabinet wrecker and interminable journalist with the head of a weary lion, was imposed upon. His ministries (1906-1909) starved the Army and crippled the development

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of French artillery—while Germany, in spite of her Social Democrats, did not reduce, but increased, her own war expenses. Clémenceau is converted now. He hates Joffre and Briand and the actual government of France, but he is patriotic enough when, in "L'Homme Enchaîné," he rails at "the Kaiser's Socialists." What a disillusionment! But all France is disillusioned, so far as German Socialists are concerned. It is not just Clémenceau and Hervé. "L'Humanité," the organ of Jaurès, the Socialist newspaper in whose till German gold rattled, now describes Kamerad Sudekum, a Socialist leader in the Reichstag, as "the Kaiser's secret agent." Hervé, in "La Victoire," classifies the followers of Scheidemann and Sudekum as "the Emperor's own Social Democrats." All the same Hervé remains a free spirit in a land that has for a century and a quarter been the political laboratory of the whole world—the home of free ideas and the *foyer* from which ideals of social and national freedom have radiated their light and heat. Hervé does not even now hesitate to give his country good advice from time to time—as when he passionately defends a discredited radical politician against hysterical enemies, or when he addresses blunt but kindly words to one of France's Allies. Hervé warned Russia, and his own country against that very danger which culminated in the Rumanian débâcle. Hervé can utter common-sense in his homely way—and no one queries if the truth is tactful, as it would have to be to get printed in a professed organ of the Ministry.

Hervé has a larger personal following that any other Parisian editor, not excepting ex-Prime Minister Clémenceau. The enlightened bourgeois of Paris is likely to buy Senator Humbert's "Journal" and Gustave Hervé's "Victoire" in the morning, and in the evening the semi-official Paris "Temps"—and to feel that he has all the news and editorials that anyone can desire in war-time. Earlier, Hervé's criticisms of President Wilson were severe—for the Paris democrat felt that the democrat in the White House was not living up to the opportunity of his times. The pres-

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ent invocation to the American Republic and to its Chief Magistrate is, therefore, all the more significant. Barton Blake's translation of M. Hervé's tribute follows.—*The Editor.*

Blow after blow. The German retreat, Russia's revolution, America's intervention! The Lord can do no more.

No matter if we did expect it and hope for it—it is with transports of joy that America's entrance into the war is welcomed throughout all France, and in the trenches.

Our soldiers are commencing to receive the reward of their unbeatable courage and the superhuman fortitude with which for thirty-two months they have borne, uncomplaining, a life of misery and sufferings.

Already the German retirement and the Russian revolution have begun to renew all their rage and enthusiasm of August and September, 1914. With America intervening, what a thrashing they are going to give the barbarians, from Meuse to Rhine!

And now that we have the exact text of Mr. Wilson's Congressional Address, we can say that since the Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen, nothing has ever been written that is so fine and so moving.

It is the twentieth century's Charter of Humanity that the American Republic has traced with President Wilson's pen.

One feels in it from one end to the other the stir of a religious breath, an inspiration at once Christian and republican.

To tell the truth, this memorable document is meaningless for those who do not know that the American Republic was founded by irrepressible Calvinists, who in the seventeenth century chose to leave their old England rather than suffer the religious and political oppression of a detested despot.

Calvinism, whose pastors were chosen by the rank and file of its faithful, was from the first, through its organization and through its absence of hierarchy and aristocracy, a republican church.

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The American Republic has grown, but always the same Christian ideal of justice, of liberty and human fraternity, has animated it.

President Wilson speaks in 1917 as spoke the pastors of the Mayflower, the ship which bore to the Western side of the Atlantic the Puritans who fled the persecutions of Stuart Charles I.

Wilson is without hate for the German people; for our part we are less good Christians. Perhaps, when American soldiers see with their own eyes what a savage devastation, what a work of Vandals, the Germans have accomplished in our northern departments, they will understand why we nourish somewhat different sentiments for the German people. But, for the moment, President Wilson cannot believe that an entire nation can be guilty of such ferociousness.

It is only an autocracy, only a tyrant, that can command such abominations.

And Wilson, also, says in his own words to the German people what the Russian revolution says to them: " Dethrone William! "

The idea that in our century a country can be governed by a despot empowered to dispose of the life of his subjects in reserving to himself the right to decide war and peace, is a monstrosity which can scarcely enter the head of a free man who has the blood of ten generations of republicans in his veins.

Still less can the conscience of a Christian and a republican accept the notion that a people, because it is strong, can hold another and weaker people in slavery, even though this other people be adult and capable of self government.

It is for the right of nations, for the defense of international justice, for the establishment of universal peace, that the great Christian Republic draws its sword from the scabbard.

We have had our share of mockery, we republicans and socialists of France, and so had our daring idealism when we spoke of building up in Europe a society of nations, a Republic of the United States of Europe, and a Tribunal of In-

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ternational Arbitration, wherein all the nations, small and great, should come to submit their every conflict; a court which should have at its service as an international police the armies of every free and peace-loving nation.

We were Utopian; we were chimerical.

They who criticized us—they were realists.

The Germans, too, were realists, who counted, above all, on brute force and material power. Right, justice, political liberty—these were mere catch-words.

But now it is for the defense of these catch-words, which are the common patrimony of humanity, the slow and precious acquisition of thirty centuries' toil, striving, and heroism by all the generations which went before, that the free peoples, one by one, have lined up, arms in hand.

The blind men and the eunuchs of bleating pacifism who, for the three years that this drama has lasted, have had the sorry courage of maintaining a neuter soul throughout the great duel between civilization and barbarism, who, for thirty-two months, have failed to see that this war was a revolutionary war—will they now understand, after the two formidable prods that the Russian revolution and American intervention have just given them, that our allies are indeed fighting for peace and for the world's liberty?

Of old, good folks pitied the Republic in our own country, and, charged with the relics of the Old Régime, gravely explained to us that a republican government could have no allies.

And here we see the republican idea of the sovereignty of peoples, the idea of which France is the living symbol, first bringing us the alliance of the Italian democracy, of the Portuguese Republic, and of Young Rumania marching towards national independence and complete political liberation; next upsetting the throne of the Czars since czarism was suspected of treason towards the Allies, and now throwing into our camp the formidable Republic across the sea, with its colossal industrial and financial power, with its inexhaustible reserves of men of that race which is the most enterprising and the most audacious in the world—and, above all, the race

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with the highest moral authority attaching to any nation thus far neutral.

The Kaiser and his Prussian squires, used to making their soldiers and socialists goose-step to the flogging post, believed that the rest of the world was going to let itself be treated like a herd of Germans.

Belgium's resistance, and Serbia's, ought all the same to have taught them, as long ago as August, 1914, what a nation of free men is like.

To-day it is America's turn to tell them that, however peace-loving she is, she is not yet ready for the Prussian whip.

Hurrah for the Great American Republic!

Hurrah for the sublime ancestors of the American people, who fled from tyranny, kindling in the West the first republican fires to be lighted in these modern times!

Hurrah for Washington and his glorious insurgents, who did not let perish from the earth the noble tradition of revolt against oppression and injustice!

Hurrah for the great Abraham Lincoln, liberator of slaves, who kept the American Republic on its highroad of ideals and of human fraternity!

Hurrah for President Wilson, soldier of international law, founder of that international police which is going to cure the Governments of Prey from their idea of recommencing the exploits of the great assassin of Berlin!

Hurrah for the great Republican idea which, for a century, has been toppling one by one all the autocracies, all the oppressors, and all the tyrannies!

Hurrah for the future United States of the World!

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THE MAN WHO TALKED WITH LAFAYETTE

VINCENT STARRETT

AN old man, bowed and broken by
The leaden-footed march of years;
Withered and palsied, dim of eye,
Distrustful of his ancient ears;
With quavering treble, toothless gums,
And slavering lips that work in vain—
All day he lies and jerks his thumbs
Beneath the spotless counterpane.

A mummied relic of the days
When stocks and ruffles spelled romance:
Time was when this beclouded gaze
Marked swiftly all that came to chance;
When these dull eyes with laughter glowed;
When these dumb lips with others met,
When as a youngling, à la mode,
This antique talked with Lafayette.

"This hand," he quavered, "this old hand
He shook. . . he said . . ." What did he say?
I tried in vain to understand
What followed; then I went away.
But still I wonder, apropos,
Just what it was the Frenchman said.
I fear me I shall never know,
For now the ancient, too, is dead.

Hardly worth while to recollect,
No doubt, for thought or anecdote,
But, in an old man's retrospect,
A sudden and ecstatic note.
'Tis gone, but him, though years have flown,
I think I shall not quite forget——
For it is something to have known
A man who talked with Lafayette!

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INDEPENDENCE DAY—1917

René Manning

WHY not celebrate the Fourth of July this year as a feast of independence from worn-out prejudices and half lies?

Why not declare that we generously forgive Great Britain for having let us carry our point in the Civil War that we began in 1775 and by which we won an independent national existence?

Why not declare to all the world that the United States has grown up?

Looking at other countries, I have always felt that the poorest kind of patriotism is the kind which consists in hating the other fellow better than you love and serve your own land. And that has made me rate rather low the patriotic sense of noise-for-noise-sake orators who, on old-style Fourths, have shrieked belated and soprano disapproval of silly old George III—born 1738, died 1820. The George who comes nearest to running the British works to-day is, we may add, not he who sits in England's biggest armchair, but a little Welsh lawyer who talks well and has no particular pedigree. It is another lawyer, Robert Borden of Canada, who neatly names Lloyd George's Great Britain a democracy with a hereditary president, and the United States a democracy with an elected king.

Certain it is that Georgius Rex has a lot less push and power than the French Prime Minister or the American President.

It doesn't follow that we Americans have to admire the British system more than our own, and I don't know ten Americans who do. The American in H. G. Wells's "Britling" is fairly representative: the character who describes his country as a melting pot for amalgamating a better state than the Old World has yet known.

"I don't know that I am so particularly in love with a lot of English ways," says the Yankee in this novel; "I don't see how anyone can be very much in love with your dead-

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alive court, your artful politicians, your lords and ladies and snobs."

Mr. Wells's American doesn't approve of the past treatment of Ireland, and he is none too sure about India. England's premier novelist uses his American to express his own criticisms of his (Mr. Wells's) native land. Instead of sitting tight and applauding everything British, Mr. Wells informs the whole world of just what is wrong with it—and instead of locking Wells up, as the Germans lock up their Liebknechts and Rosa Luxemburgs, the English buy his books and talk about them. When Voltaire, apostle of liberty in the eighteenth century, visited England, he praised the eighteenth-century Wellses. He admired their habit of uncovering sources of pollution instead of perpetuating them—as the old régime in his country tried to do, and as the old régime in Prussia is still doing. Incidentally, the unprejudiced historian of our times (he won't be writing for a good many years to come!) will find our traditional state of mind about Mr. Britling's country a strange bundle of paradox. That historian may, in due season, write a chapter something like this:

> In 1917 the citizens of the United States welcomed Joffre and his French colleagues with an enthusiasm which proved true kinship of the heart. In devoted France they acclaimed the art that lifts life and the heroism that defends it. When Joffre set foot on the soil of the western Republic, American love for the land of Lafayette had been warmed by a full century's teaching of historical idealism.
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> With the Franco-American ally, the British Commonwealth (then still called "The United Kingdom"), the case was different. Schoolbooks in the United States had long been written to magnify American valor and British oppression, and had dwelt lingeringly upon British mistakes (many of them long since corrected) rather than on British progress. Patriotic Americans had long since realized and regretted this littleness; Professor Albert Bushnell Hart had written in "School Books and

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International Prejudices" (1912): "The true principle in writing historical textbooks ought to be to dwell upon our glorious heritage of all of England down to the Revolution and much since that time." In spite, however, of the Harts, sterile hatred had poisoned generation after generation of American schoolboys.

This American suspicion of all things British was, therefore, even so late as the early twentieth century, a force to be reckoned with. This prejudice was naturally strongest with those who did not continue their reading of history beyond the schoolroom; and it was turned to account by demagogues at every stage of America's march toward world influence and world freedom.

Yet it was the patriot John Adams, second president of the United States, and America's first minister to Great Britain, who, on June 1, 1795, said to George III—while the fields of the young Republic still bore the scars of artillery fire and still showed the mounds that marked soldiers' graves: "I shall esteem myself the happiest of men if I can be instrumental in restoring an entire esteem, confidence, and affection, or, in better words, the old good nature and the old good humor between peoples who, though separated by an ocean and under different governments, have the same language, a similar religion, and kindred blood"; and Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence—Jefferson, ever the friend of France—said in 1803: "No two countries upon earth have so many points of common interest and friendship" as Britain and the United States.

In 1917 Americans were still reading the Bible that English scholars and agitators had made free for all men—while at the same time they held England to be a land of bondage. It is doubtful whether many of them remembered that Britain freed its slaves long before slaves were liberated in the United States.

Americans of 1917 found wisdom in Shakespeare, human sympathy in Dickens, lessons of gentleness and

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courtesy in Thackeray, beauty in Keats, freedom and elevation in Shelley and Wordsworth, wit in Anglo-Irish Shaw, and the heart of their own times in Barrie, Hardy, Kipling, Masefield, Wells, and Galsworthy. And, while enjoying these authors, the American of that time was confident in his notion that inhabitants of the British Isles were pretty uniformly thick-witted, slow, bad-tempered fellows, though they were withal devilishly dangerous by reason of an innate genius for colonization, commerce, and diplomacy. It was one proof of the dangerousness of the Briton that, crushing the freedom of the Boer republics in South Africa at the close of the nineteenth century, the second decade of the twentieth century found South Africa a self-governing part of the so-called British Empire, an ex-Boer general (Smuts) serving as prime minister of one of the Boer states, and other "enemy" generals leading the Boer burghers into battle under the British flag.

Many Americans of 1917 still felt that they must, in honor bound, hate their English neighbors, though they said that their adopted citizens had been "Americanized" when they had learned how to use the English language. The essential agreement of Britain and America on most questions of political morals and world relations was brought out in the months of struggle and readjustment that followed the entry of the United States into the War of the Kaisers. It was then that the great English-speaking democracies on both shores of the Atlantic Ocean came to realize how much they held in common, how rich was their joint heritage, how glowing their future.

So, perhaps, will some plodding history teacher of Ponce or Lyons or Petrograd, of Wellington or Winnipeg, of Copenhagen or Urbana, write in the year of our Lord 2017.

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STARVING OUT GERMANY

EDWARD LYELL FOX

At war as we are with Germany, her strength and weakness today becomes of paramount importance to every American. The following article on Germany's food situation was written by me just before Ambassador Gerard was instructed to ask for his passports. It was written, therefore, in a mood of cold observation, without the subconscious influences that often creep in and often make one unknowingly observe falsely. Because of war with Germany I prefer this article to be printed exactly as it was written, free from the possibility of patriotism distorting truth, free from the possibility of presenting Germany as starving—which she is not. When one considers that the world has been told for the last year that the German nation is starving; when one considers that a feeling has been created among the people of the nation against Germany, that peace was near because Germany must collapse, because her food situation was so dangerous; when one considers that a sense of false power and security has thus been bred in the minds of the masses of the people opposed to Germany, and that if this false impression had not been created, that more strenuous efforts might have been made in a military direction, when one considers these things, one believes it to be a duty to print the absolute, undistorted truth about Germany's food condition.

EDWARD LYELL FOX.

OUT of the War comes a new science in living. Germany has been "starved" into condition. The proverbial, rotund, beer-drinking, hearty-eating subject of the Kaiser has undergone a metamorphosis. Today he is a slim, trim, upstanding man, sinewy and strong. He had been eating too much. Germany has demonstrated that starvation diet is the best diet for soldiers, scientists, civilians. "Fletcherism" in its broadest sense has prevailed; and, strange to say, Horace Fletcher has gone to Germany to witness the result.

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The German people, since hostilities began, have lopped off over a billion pounds of fat. The great Spas to which Germany made its semi-annual pilgrimage before the War —Carlsbad, Wiesbaden, Baden-Baden—the meccas of an auto-intoxicated population, may be reserved after the War for American pilgrims. By the enforced diet list, the physical debilities of a nation have been swept away. Influenza, appendicitis, gout, rheumatism, and allied curses of a fat and stomach-filled civilization have disappeared.

In place of foods rich in protein, like meat, have come the carbo-hydrates, vegetables and cheese. Aside from these fundamentals, including bread and potatoes, Germany is living on a substitution diet. Before the War, struggles to educate the people in the science of substitution were fruitless.

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But today, acorns, white thorn berries and chicory, mixed with a pinch of coffee, give the people a palatable "coffee." Tea drinkers have been given a substitute—a brew from the leaves of blackberries, strawberries and raspberries makes German tea a beverage not to be scorned. Saccharine has replaced sugar. Milk, except for the use of babies, is rarely sold in any but condensed form. Jam, made from turnips, carrots, plums, damsons and apples—does the duty of butter; mushrooms and other forest fungi answer for meat. Ten slices of bread (twenty per cent potato flour) per day, a half pound of meat a week, an egg and a fifth of a pound of butter, complete the "war cure" for each person.

Horace Fletcher told me that the blockade is a providential blessing for Germany—that it has given the German people a chance to take stock of themselves, to apply scientific living to their bodies as they have applied the science of chemistry to the products of nature. I have been surveying the German food situation at close range. Can they hold out in their substitution diet? Are the substituted supplies adequate? Will the new diet debilitate the fighting and working efficiency of the people, or will Germany come through the "war cure" revitalized?

The analogy is medical. The German government is the physician; the nation is the patient. For the patient has been prescribed a diet of emergency, yet it supplies ample nourishment, according to modern scientific diagnosis of the needs of the human body. The physician might be said to be a committee of food scientists headed by Dr. Paul Eltzbacher. This committee, shortly after the outbreak of the War, decided that the human body could maintain health on three thousand calories (heat and energy-giving units) a day It also decided that daily food need not contain more than ten per cent protein (cell building units). This was contrary to the established theory that an adequate food ration must contain thirty per cent protein. This new scientific fundamental is the basis of feeding Germany at war.

The Government allows food cards to each person in Germany today. These are issued free of charge—daily to

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hotel guests, weekly to householders. They have coupons, covering different articles of food. Without these coupons it is impossible to obtain the food which they cover. In buying food at an eating place or from a store one must give up a coupon equivalent to the amount purchased. Without that it is impossible to obtain the food anywhere, except when the game is occasionally beaten—as we shall see.

Of course the German people have tried to beat the game. Depots containing food cards have been broken into. Hotels and boarding houses have applied for more cards than they have guests. People have obtained food in small quantities without cards. For some reason cards are not necessary in railroad stations and on trains. Some Germans will buy a railroad ticket so as to be able to get into the depot dining room—where cards are not necessary. But in the main the people are playing the game.

Coupons are issued every week allowing one half a pound of meat. "Meat" means beef, hog, lamb. There are no restrictions on goose, chicken, venison, partridge, hare or fish—save those of purse. In accordance with the needs of his customers and the regulations, each butcher is allowed so much meat a week. Concerning this I was informed by an American resident in Hamburg: "On Saturday nights a friend will telephone you. He will say, 'My butcher has an extra leg of lamb. Do you want it?' You jump at it and say, 'Send it up at once!' You do not ask, how large is the leg of lamb, how much is it—simply, 'Send it over.' You are mighty glad to get it! One day I learned that a smoked ham was on the market—sub rosa, of course. Now my family likes smoked ham. We hadn't had a ham in six months. So I went after it. Friends of mine, Americans, were also after it. The bidding ran up, but I finally landed the ham. It cost me $45—cheap at that when you consider how scarce ham is in Germany today."

Along with game, chicken is not on the meat cards today. But early in October an attempt was made in Hamburg to put chicken on the meat cards. Chicken remained on the meat cards exactly one week. The people refused to check out its

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lower nourishment against their meat cards—beef being on the cards at the same standard as chicken. So millions of pounds of chicken out of storage spoiled in the market places. The public refused to buy. Too much control was rebuked. So chicken was taken off the meat card and is now on the "free list," like geese, hare, pheasant, partridge, deer and ducks.

Of these meats one can buy as much as one's pocket allows. *Goose costs* 85c. *a pound; chicken,* 70c.; *a hare about* $1; *a pheasant,* $1.35, *and partridge,* $1.25. *The prices of restricted meats are veal at* 80c. *a pound; steak,* 70c.; *lamb,* 60c.; *ham,* $1.95; *bacon,* $1.65, *and pork unquoted.* Pork has been a problem. Because of a fodder shortage the first few months of war, an enormous percentage of hogs were slaughtered. Since then the supply of live hog has slowly been built up, but even today it is 40 per cent below peace time tonnage.

Pork and potatoes have long been the food of the German under classes. Realizing this, the government has made each city put its pork in cold storage. Today to people short of money, *pork is sold at* 36c. *a pound.* Only the poor people are allowed to buy pork at this price. They have to request special pork cards which allow them one pound a week. More than 50 per cent of the people in German cities agreed not to buy any pork so that the poor could have it. For the very needy, the bones of the government food factories containing marrow and scraps of meat are sold. This is 12c. a pound for soup meat.

Even eggs are being conserved. Out of the clear sky came the announcement to the German public that there were to be restrictions on eggs. It was not until October 1st that the command went out—one egg a week, at 10 cents per egg. Fresh eggs bring as high as 18 cents each.

Butter is also restricted by the food laws, which allow only one-fifth of a pound a week. *In the market, butter varies from* 40c. *to* 65c. *a pound.* But just as my friend procured a ham for $45—in defiance of the food laws—so is butter obtainable in Hamburg if you have the price. *By the underground route, butter may be bought for* $1.25 *per pound.*

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An interesting case of how the food problem is circumvented occurred in Hamburg. A retailer there imported four thousand cans of cooked mackerel from Sweden. In the bottom of the can was a little mackerel. The rest was butter. It was billed "mackerel preserved in butter." As such it was imported, within the German law, and could not be confiscated, mackerel not being on the list. The story went around Hamburg and when the 4,000 tins were placed on sale, they were gobbled up. The butter in one of them was weighed. *The people discovered that they had been buying this butter at the rate of* $1.75 *a pound.*

To encourage householders to preserve fruits and vegetables, the Government refused to allow them to buy sugar for anything but that purpose. The price is 8c. a pound. *One pound is allowed every* 3 *weeks.* Instead of sugar, the coal-tar product saccharine, five hundred times as sweet as sugar, is used. Hotels, restaurants and cafes serve with each hot drink a piece of saccharine about half as big as a quarter of a split pea. Saccharine, forbidden under a law of 1902 for anything but scientific purposes, is now being distributed broadcast. There are two factories in Germany today making it. As an illustration of the wide ramifications of German war control, this fact is interesting. The factory cost, including profit on saccharine, is two dollars a pound. *It is sold to the public at sixteen dollars a pound!*

Potatoes—a pound a day—are the backbone of the German diet. At a dinner of the 2nd Bavarian Army Corps Staff in Lille an American correspondent liked the Bavarian beer, and quite late in the evening loudly told the Bavarian officers: "You fellows are not Germans. You're Irishmen brought up on beer!" That remark now, historic in Prince Ruprecht's army, could be reversed in Germany today. For it is the food staple of Ireland—potatoes—that is the chief food of Germany at war.

Potato flour is used in the bread, and potatoes are consumed enormously. Six weeks of rain, plus shortage of horses and carts and laborers, caused last autumn a dangerous situation in the potato crop. Early in October the

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people were cut down from ten to seven pounds a week. Prisoners were taken from road labor and put to work in the potato fields. Soldiers, carts and horses were rushed back from the front. Wives being supported by the state were also commandeered—this at the discretion of the local authorities. The importance of the potato crop to Germany cannot be underestimated. *The people have pinned their faith on potatoes.*

Milk is reserved for babies, but if one cares about paying 20c. a quart one can always buy some of the excess supply. Most of the milk used in Germany today is condensed milk made in Denmark, Holland and Switzerland.

Onions are on sale everywhere for 8c. a pound—cabbage for 6c.; cauliflower, 25c. a head; turnips, 5c. a pound; beans, 17c.; kohlrabi, 3c.; apples, 15c.; peas, 60c. Like cheese, vegetables and fruits (excepting oranges and lemons) are not restricted; nor is fish.

Not so the output of beer. Through the commandeering of hops, the production of beer has been greatly curtailed. Also the quality is not as good and as a result the German people are not drinking as much beer. For instance, in Munich, the greatest beer city in the empire, the famous Hofbrau Haus is closed between three and four in the afternoon. All but one beer drinking hall in that building is closed —this because of a big decrease in the volume of business. *The brewers do not receive the right to buy their ingredients from the Government food control until they have contracted to sell* 40 *per cent of their output to the army and navy at a price fixed by law.*

In cities where there are not the big breweries, as are in Berlin and Munich, the supply of beer varies. As a result, in most of those restaurants conducted by breweries—for instance, the Pschorr-Siechen and Schultheiss—cheap Rhine wine, mixed with seltzer, is now sold in large quantities—this to offset the deficiency in the beer supply. As a result of the quantities consumed, even the cheaper Rhine wines have now gone up in price.

In devious ways does the average German bend and

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twist around to meet the conditions of the imperial food restrictions. Householders meet weekly and trade off their food cards. Picture the scene—the parlor of a German dwelling, somewhere a bust or picture of Bismark; a half dozen Hausfrauen, imagine them sitting there—the guest of honor, after the German custom, on the sofa.

"I will exchange five hundred grams of bread tickets for 50 grams of soap!"

Two women strike at the bargain—tearing off coupons to the designated amount and exchanging them. Thus will one family which needs more bread than soap be able to purchase it, and vice versa. *One cake of soap per month is the allowance per person.*

The poor are fed from central stations. In every big city of Germany one sees these stations. In Berlin for example, behind the Alexanderplatz are eight huge soup tanks. A mixture composed of meat or fish, potatoes, vegetables, beans, dried beans, is cooked at each central station, such as this one in Berlin. It is then loaded into fireless cookers and conveyed by auto drays to sub-stations. These are in charge of volunteer committees of well-to-do women. If the people can pay for this food they do so, ten to fifteen cents a day; if they cannot, they get it for nothing.

As for one with money, one cannot any longer go into a public eating-place and order the kind of food one's appetite dictates. One cannot serve on the table of a home the kind of food one wants. It is a case of using those foods which the law allows and going without certain foods that the appetite may crave.

On the whole the German people are playing the game. "Durchhalten," hold out—that is the expression you hear frequently all over the empire. To see the War through, to gain an honorable peace—the mass of German people are committed to that. Of course there are grumblings and evasions of the food law. The women of the poorer classes, whose men are at the front, are the principle trouble-makers. Occasionally there are small demonstrations; they cry goes up, "We are hungry." Such public mutterings, however, do

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not happen very often. Among the people with more money, the most of the growling is done by foreigners who are in Germany on business. The idea of a hunger-maddened populace rising up against its leaders and stopping the War is quite absurd. "Durchhalten"—see it through—is the spirit of Germany.

The Army must have what it wants and all it wants. The morale of soldiers must be kept up. There must be no dissatisfaction about food at the front. So the German soldiers have not been scientifically restricted like the civilians. They are not held to a half of pound of beef, lamb, and a hog a week; nor to adulterated coffee; nor to ten slices of bread a day. They get all they want. It is a joke at the front that the soldiers do not like furloughs, because then they have to go home and face lean cupboards!

Can the nation hold out? Will there be enough to fill even the "eat and grow thin" prescription?

In answer there came to Berlin a few years before the War broke out that revolutionary American, pink cheeked, for all his sixty-eight years and white hair, Horace Fletcher. Americans know him for his "Fletcherizing." He brought with him the results of his experiments in food. The German professors said "very interesting." They put copies of the Fletcher reports in their files and kept the secret—a secret just as important to Germany as the secret of forty-two centimeter guns, mobilization details, Zeppelins and U-boats. The professors kept the Fletcher reports in their files to use if ever the nation needed them. When war came they got out these reports. *And the food economics of Horace Fletcher is the basis for the work of the commission headed by Dr. Paul Elzbacher.*

In the experimental laboratory that the Danish government has given Dr. Hindhede, Horace Fletcher and I talked with him of these things. They are the two most important men on the economics of food in the world today. Hindhede, backed by his government; Fletcher the food economic expert of the Belgium Relief Commission and of the Industrial Consulting Board of the United States Navy. From an entirely

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neutral standpoint, dealing with the question merely as a scientific topic, they both told me "To starve Germany is out of the question."

For the moment we must deal with the scientific. The world has been used to living on the Konig standard of nutrition. That was evolved fifty years ago by Carl Voight in Munich. It was to establish a standard for the daily nourishment of the human body. It is based upon this formula:

5 grams of protein (protein repairing the cell tissues of the body. Protein is found in large quantities in meat, eggs, milk and other expensive foods).
3 grams of fat (fat from butter and fatty foods).
1 gram of carbohydrate (the starch of starchy foods).

That is what was accepted fifty years ago. Now, heat and energy for the body are figured by the unit "calorie." Hence to live according to the Konig standard—as the world has been doing for fifty years—our daily food intake is in this proportion:

5 grams protein = 20.5 calories.
3 grams fat = 27.9 calories.
1 gram carbohwdrate = 4.1 calories.

That is a total of 53.1 calories. That means that out of every 100 calories supplied the human body, over 38 per cent must be protein. But since that Konig formula was accepted by science, the experiments of Horace Fletcher, Dr. Hindhede, Irving Fischer of Yale University, Graham Lusk of Cornell, Gebhart of the Sage Foundation, and Chittenden of Yale, have proven beyond all doubt that the human body needs only 10 per cent of its calories to come from protein. But the white race is used to living under the fifty years' old Konig standard. And that is the fundamental reason why the white race does not understand why Germany is holding out on food. For the white race is used to taking from 30 to 38 per cent of its daily nourishment in the form of meat,

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eggs, milk. The world knows that Germany has not an abundance of these things. Therefore, the world wonders how Germany lives. But Germany is living today under the scientifically proven standards of that band of food revolutionaries, Fletcher, Hindhede and their colleagues.

Germany, with its loss of over a billion pounds of fat from human beings, shows an amazing decrease in disease. Another benefit is that food, such as cereals, which contains only 10 per cent protein—the percentage the human body needs out of every hundred calories taken in—costs seven times less than meats and gives all the nourishment that science has established as being necessary. To quote Dr. Hindhede: "*It costs about twenty times as much to live on meat as to live on cereals.*" He proved this on a test which lasted eight weeks, during which his food cost him 7c. a day—the exact pro rata price it is costing today to feed the Belgians.

The German food allowance is three thousand calories a day. Germany has plenty of non-protein foods, the lowest of which contain ten per cent of protein. The meat allowances of the German food cards are merely to make concessions to the human appetite. Meat is not needed to sustain life. Also, by cutting rich protein food (meat, eggs, etc.) from the nation's diet, an enormous saving is made possible. The Germans are driving that home to their people more than ever. Privy Councilor Boas is now lecturing over the empire: "How one can live on almost nothing." He implores the Germans to "throw to the winds their idolatrous regard for certain foods which they falsely regard as rich in albumen. He scientifically proves that they can get their necessary daily nourishment in 2,917 grams of potatoes or in thirty-five eggs or in 2,857 grams of beef. And he points out that the price of the potatoes is 9 cents; the eggs, $2.87, and the beef, $4.00.

It is significant to note that since food prices have risen in England, since the newspapers—for example, the Daily Chronicle in its issue of October 12th, have been carrying on a food propaganda with headlines "Food for two on fif-

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teen shillings a week." "Meatless day for all,"—it is significant *that since England has begun to carry on a food propaganda that London's death rate has dropped to twelve in a thousand, lower even than New York's.*

In viewing the German food situation, the kicks that leak out, the sensational reports from Scandanavian capitals, facts such as one egg a week, a half pound of meat, one-fifth of a pound of butter, coffee from acorns, jams from turnips, letters saying "Food, food is the only topic," these things are unimportant. The only important thing is that the human body needs for sedentary occupation 18 to 2,400 calories of food a day, only ten per cent of which need be protein. Germany today is getting 3,000 calories per person—more than she needs—and her sources for the kind of food that makes up these 3,000 calories are illimitable.

To starve out Germany, considering the testimony of men like Fletcher, Dr. Hindhede, Waller of England, and in view of the results of the Belgium Relief Commission, would seem to be a scientific impossibility.

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KILLED IN ACTION

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

MY father lived three-score years;
My son lived twenty-two;
One looked long back on work well done,
And one had all to do—
Yet which the better served his world,
I know not, nor do you!

To one, Life chattered all her lore
Till he grew wise and gray;
To one, she whispered only, ere
She turned her face away—
Yet which her deepest secret held
Only they two might say.

Peace gave my father restful days,
With love and fame for wage;
War gave my son an unmarked grave,
And an unwritten page—
Who shall declare which gift conveyed
The greater heritage?

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BULGARIA, MILITANT AND MISGUIDED

FULLERTON L. WALDO, F.R.G.S.

IN Bulgaria's beautiful, cleanly capital, Sofia, an American finds a good deal to make him feel at home; and if he has been given to understand beforehand that the Bulgars are sullen and reserved and matter-of-fact, he is likely to be surprised by the cordiality of his welcome and the earnestness of representative Bulgarians to diminish the odium that attaches to the whole of their land for the sin of comparatively few in the perpetration of the Second Balkan War, and in the course of more recent events. The worst thing that can be said of a traveler in the Balkans outside of Bulgaria is that he is a Bulgarphil, and the reproach is one that is very easy to incur. In the present globe-girdling war, Bulgaria (that is, the administration acting in Bulgaria's name) is repeating the disastrous mistake she committed in 1913, when she went to war in revenge for the iniquitous Treaty of Bucharest and in the effort to obtain a readjustment of the haphazard lines that were drawn by that audacious and insulting arrangement. Bulgaria in 1915 could not wait for Serbia to abandon her unfortunate imperial experiment in northern Macedonia, and ceased to hope that Greece would concede any part of her holdings in eastern Macedonia; and the short patience and vaulting ambition of King Ferdinand cast the die prematurely in favor of the Central Powers.

To the tune of western disgust and execration, and against the bold and forceful protest of an Opposition faithful unto death, he invaded Serbia in order to effect a junction with the Germans and the Austrians, and to intercept the journey of the expeditionary force of the Allies from Salonica through the Vardar Valley. At about the same time such literature as the little pamphlet "Comment les Serbes se comportent in Macedoine" (How the Serbs are behaving in Macedonia), bearing the imprint of the royal press at Sofia,

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was industriously circulated to palliate the action, and an extremely progressive and business-like press bureau at Sofia gave the fullest publicity to the Ministry's refutations of the charge of Russia—the revival of an old Roumanian taunt—that Bulgaria, in her ingratitude to her savior and her betrayal of Slavism, is " the Judas of the Slav Race."

To a proper comprehension of the rise and fall of the Balkan Alliance, the perusal of Ivan E. Gueshoff's book, " L'Alliance Balkanique," published in Paris in the summer of 1915, is essential. Gueshoff as Prime Minister clasped hands with Pasitch of Serbia and Venizélos of Greece upon an understanding which, if it could have been maintained, would have had a profound effect on the course of the present war. In bringing the three Prime Ministers together, a picturesque part was played by J. D. Bourchier (pronounced Bowcher), once a master at Eton, now Balkan correspondent of the London Times, who for twenty-seven years made his home in the same hotel close to the Palace in Sofia. Deaf as a post, a kindly humanist, erudite and possessed of singular powers of divination in politics, the very children in the streets, Gueshoff told me, call Bourchier by name, and his personal ascendency at the court as with the populace has been enormous. Colonel Rankin in his " True History of the Balkan War " draws his portrait to the life. In Greece, of course, they will tell you that Bourchier is hopelessly committed to the Bulgarian point of view, even though they are well aware of his intimacy with their great man and national idol, Venizélos.

It is extremely important for the ultimate rehabilitation of Bulgaria in the good opinion of the world to appraise at its true value the direct and manly statement of the case contained in Gueshoff's book. To meet the writer is to be convinced of his sincerity, his disinterestedness, his patriotism. A sturdy, white-haired, clean-shaven figure in the sunny sixties, accent and idiom perfect in his control of English, mingling dignity with kindly affability in his manner, his personality is singularly charming, and years ago won Gladstone's outspoken admiration. At a morning hour of unconventional

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earliness, though I called upon him ere he was fully dressed, he received me at once into the scholarly atmosphere of his library with its quartered oak flooring, its big desk kitticornered between windows where he sat oracularly, its crowded shelves of books bearing on the science of government and the history of the governed. I liked his smile, his candid mind, his breadth of view, his ability to see the other side; and these prepared me for the temperate setting forth in his book of the conflict between amity and polity wherein he played so large and so statesmanlike a part.

To the outbreak of the war of 1912 he was, he insists, the most outspoken advocate of pacifism to be found in Bulgaria. "I never ceased in what I said or wrote to urge the utmost caution, to the end of avoiding any occurrence that might embroil us with Turkey." But when he became convinced that equity for Bulgars and other Balkan nationals under the Turkish yoke called for action, he penned that fine letter of Bulgaria to the Powers, explaining the joint grievance of the Balkan States against the Sublime Porte, and the temperate remonstrance of the same date (Oct. 12, 1912) addressed to Turkey.

In language of like moderation he calls the reader's attention to the report of the Carnegie Commission appointed to enquire into the conduct of the Bulgars in Macedonia toward Serbs and Greeks, a report which has disproved (though this is not admitted by the Serbs and the Greeks) many of the charges of cruelty deliberately condoned by those in command, from which the reputation of the army and the nation itself has suffered. He points out that as the Bulgars sent against the Turks 563,000 men and the Greeks put in the field 215,000, and the losses of Bulgaria far exceeded those of Greece, it was only fair to expect recognition of these proportions in the division of the country wrested from the Turks, quite apart from the ethnographic fact of the preponderance of Bulgars in Macedonia to which American missionaries readily bear witness.

The part of the book that is of especial present pertinence, as bearing on the mental processes of Ferdinand the war-

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maker, is the chapter dealing with the collapse of the Balkan Alliance. Here Gueshoff shows without equivocation that he was steadfastly opposed to what he calls the " criminal folly " of the Second Balkan War. His policy of diplomatic avoidance of a rupture with Bulgaria's Allies overruled, since " there was disagreement between the Crown and myself," he resigned; and, as he put it, the first " artisan " of the Balkan Alliance became its first martyr. In defiance of Government and Cabinet, the second and the fourth Bulgarian armies attacked the allies. " While history visits its stern condemnation upon this criminal act, it must recognize that it is not the Bulgarian people themselves who are responsible." The Cabinet knew nothing of the fateful order to the army to attack the soldiers of Bulgaria's coadjutors.

All Macedonia as it stands, with the artificial lines of demarcation made at Bucharest, is a challenge to Bulgaria; but as the epitome of the insult and the injury, Kavalla is the fighting-word between Bulgaria and Greece. The harbor of Dedeagatch, as Jeffreys said of Wordsworth's poem, will never do. It is merely an open roadstead. Porto Lago, between Dedeagatch and Kavalla, is swampy and malarial, and for conversion into a satisfactory harbor would require an outlay of many millions of dollars. Bulgaria yearns toward Kavalla as her outlet of the Aegean, and the Greeks are sure that Kavalla is but a stepping-stone toward the fulfilment of Bulgaria's ambition to possess Salonica. In the closing paragraphs of her admirable book, " Geographical Aspects of Balkan Problems," Dr. Marion Newbigin says: " If Serbia receives satisfaction in North Albania, and if Greece has fair treatment in South Albania, one would fain hope that both states will consent to such changes in Southern Macedonia as will remove the worst of Bulgaria's grievance. There is not likely to be permanent peace in the peninsula till the present conditions in the Maritza and Struma valleys are modified. If and when the Turk is finally banished from Europe, and Constantinople comes into the keeping of another Power or Powers, then the trend of Bulgaria's trade towards the Aegean must become stronger than ever, and

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she is not likely to rest till she gains undisputed possession of one or both of these valleys. If conditions make it possible, she should have Kavalla as her chief outlet to the south."

As the words of a wise one who holds no brief for either side, the passage is significant.

The task of those who busy themselves to decide the ethnographic complexion of Macedonia is made more puzzling by the fact that there is a great gulf fixed between exarchist and patriarchist Bulgars—that is to say, between those whose allegiance is to Bulgaria's dissident Church and those who acknowledge the authority of the head of the Greek Church. Even those who pay no attention to the rules and services of religion are capable of transports of zeal and a militant fury when they regard the church as a national institution. Then heterodoxy becomes high treason. The exarchist insists that the patriarchist is to all intents and purposes a Greek. To be faithful to the State is to be faithful to the Church of the State, for the Church and the State are one, even in a land where many a man has his religion in his wife's name.

I did not see the King, but (in August, 1915) I talked nearly an hour with the Queen upon her invitation to discuss with her the incipient training-school for nurses to which her thought and time are largely given. The question of the aid of that school, which is truly an American institution, ought in the American mind to be kept separate from the question of the brutal descent of the army upon Serbia, or the huge mistakes of Ferdinand's megalomania. This one thing is clear, that in a land that had 82 nurses of sorts for 110 hospitals, a great and good woman is laboring, often in weariness and tears, at a task whose length and breadth and outreach she perfectly understands—the creation of the profession of trained nursing for Bulgaria. And that means the five millions—it means the women and the babies, in a land where hitherto doctors have not been permitted by rural prejudice to undertake confinement cases.

There were no exotic formalities about the interview

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in the old yellow palace of Sofia. There came a note from the secretary saying: "I am charged by H. M. the Queen to tell you that to-morrow, Monday, at three o'clock in the afternoon, if convenient to you, the Queen would like to see you concerning the affairs of the American training school for nurses, about to be opened in Bulgaria.

"I remain, dear Sir, with sincere regards,

"W. DRANDAR."

In advance of the interview I prepared and sent to the Secretary on my own initiative a lengthy memorandum of all sorts of things that I knew the Queen wanted to hear about in this connection. For it will be remembered that in 1914 all preparations had been made—even to the buying of the tickets—for her to come to America, accompanied by Dr. Graetzer, the royal physician, to study every detail of our hospitals and charitable institutions and our admission and assimilation of the immigrant. The war closed the door of that hope—for the time being. But one of these days she may carry out her purpose, and then she is sure of a royal welcome for the woman that she is no less than for the Queen. There is probably not much that we can teach her about the nurse's business in war time. After years of training in European hospitals she went to the front as head of the Russian Imperial Ambulance and spent fourteen months in Manchuria during the Russo-Japanese War. Nine years of preparation came, and in the two Balkan Wars she was "The lady with the lamp," working night and day in the nurse's uniform and often under fire, among the wounded Bulgarian soldiery. She is idolized by army and nation—and yet she is one of the gentlest, even the humblest, of women.

I showed to the two alert, spruce sentries at the gate the Secretary's note, and after a few feet of broad, graveled roadway exhibited it a second time to an excellency in khaki and patent leather at the palace door. English quite fell away from him, and French and German appeared equally null and void to his comprehension, but he smiled when he saw the royal arms upon the stationery, and went to a telephone

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cabinet where he gutturally shuffled plugs about for a time, returning to his place by the door without saying anything more to me. The large, bare vestibule was traversed by a strip of coarse brown carpet to an inner door, and held also a table with two chairs. On the table were two large leather-bound volumes, embossed with the rampant lions and the crown, containing signatures of palace visitors. It was an autographic tourney of all comers, and in that galaxy of diplomats and titles I did not care to shine, even if Don Whiskerandos at the portal had invited me. Suddenly the inner door opened, and a phantom of delight appeared in sand-hued walking costume, with fetching hat and white veil and parasol, briskly outward bound on a shopping excursion or for pleasuance in the park.

She paused, prettily confused, as I closed the book on resentful envoys and pashas, and said in broken English to my rising bow (I forget whether my hand was on my heart or not), "Are you the gentleman the Queen was expecting?" Then she frowned at the doorkeeper and added, "I'm afraid there was some mistake. Please come with me."

"Are you one of the Princesses?" I asked. I knew there were two Princesses. I had seen their pictures, in a photographer's window, riding in a basket-wagon through their summer woodland in the hills.

"Oh, no!" she laughed right merrily—"I am one of the ladies-in-waiting."

Still on the ground floor, we entered a room where an officer was quite as kind as the flying fairy, after his own sabred and epauletted fashion—and then in a minute or two, on the stroke of the hour, a door across a hallway opened, and the fairy said, "Her Majesty is ready to see you," and in I went.

The Queen was unattended. I was relieved when she repeated at once in excellent English just what the lady-in-waiting had said, "I'm afraid there was some mistake. I hope you were not kept waiting. It was very kind of you to come." For I did not want to talk bad French or bad German to a good Queen.

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I gave her many names of Americans who could help her to an understanding of our various philanthropies. I was careful, as I explained to her, to suggest only those who would help her for the sake of a good deed, and to leave out those who might use the glamour that invests even a Balkan throne to enhance their own prestige.

When the conference was at an end, it was a simple matter of a friendly, smiling good-bye, with the request that I would visit the incipient training-school and, if possible, the American school at Samakov from which it draws its maerial. I saw the two simple cottages in which the former is housed—they would be humble workmen's dwellings in America—and visited without announcement or official escort the Alexander Hospital where the "laboratory field-work" is to be performed. The hospital needed the quickening touch of the sanitarian. Places that should be clean were foul; the operating room itself needed a bath as much as ever its clientele could need one.

Samakov was reached by a fine "joy-ride" of three hours each way in a public motor-car that plies from a central square of Sofia along an excellent road into the high mountains southeast of the city. There I found the old Missionary School for boys and girls which has commanded several generations of devoted American service. It struggles and is poor. There is not a scintilla of luxury. With rude equipment indeed is the American influence endeavoring to lead Bulgaria away from the clangor and turmoil of warfare, and out of darkness into light. When we think with bitter resentment of Bulgarian defiance and denial of our precept and example let us be sure to place the blame exactly where it belongs. Let us remember that Stamboulowski, leader of the Socialists (the Agrarian party), has been condemned to imprisonment for life because he dared to threaten the King, in the people's name, for a course likely to plunge the land in ruin. Let us reflect that there are millions who deplore the monarch's course. Let us not include in our denunciation those who are striving with might and main to retrieve the colossal blunder of their King.

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THE FAILURE OF PACIFISM

FRANCIS J. OPPENHEIMER

IF we were confronted with theory only, and not brutal fact, we might be open to conviction that "War is not justifiable," as the Pacifists are somewhat loudly proclaiming throughout the length and breadth of these United States. But France, "the poet of the nations," is half prostrate under the iron hoof of the Invader, and Pacifism can no more rescue her than it would be able to protect us against the black forces of aggression that have gained an upper hand in a peace-loving world.

An examination of history will prove that in every period where Pacifists have been in political power, there has been neither social advance, nor has that country been able successfully to repel any invader. Economic oppression has always followed Pacifism, and the literature of those who have agitated its cause singularly free from any "burning passion to reform the world," no hope of any social Utopia, in fact no economic idealism of any kind whatsoever. Mention a country that has had a Pacifist ruler and you will mention a land that has had a political despot.

The psychics of war is a subject so little understood by any one that a few observations will be to the point. I exclude of course the naïve notions of the German militarists, whose minds are one with the hope of extending the Fatherland's political border. The instinct that lies behind War is much deeper, much less abnormal than "hatred," springing, so it seems, from a blind urge in all men, to exchange their ideas. Man will exchange his ideas. We must accept this fact—just as he will believe—just as he will love. And where he does not do so with the aid of "the bloodless analysis," then will he do so on the bloody field of battle. What else is War but a bloody exchange of ideas?

Each race seems to be—is—related to some national idea which it most stubbornly insists on mistaking for the whole of international truth, and when two exclusive ideas come together there is bound to be conflict.

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War is the way nations philosophize. Individuals can discuss ideas and facts with one another. They can understand and value rational abstractions. Not so large masses of men. It seems only brute force ever will be able to convince them. If all men were philosophers, there would be no war, but they are not, and thus the chemistry of thought, for such philosophy might be called, always will be for the few, never will hold any charm, or allurment, for the many.

Pacifism gives the lie to all history, for it would permit man to recede back to prehistoric apathy through its slimy sophistry. If it is not treason for individual Pacifists to agitate their cause on the eve of a national conscription to save our "land of the free and home of the brave," it at least is cowardice, but then throughout all history Pacifists have denied that man has any freedom of choice. Pacifism is the Occidental word for the Oriental thought—Fatalism! What else is our Western history but a record man has made through his industry and will against the apathy of natural conditions? Hobbes, the eminent English philsopher, says, "Nature is a state of war." Man in gum-shoes is not triumphant! The doctrine of Karma is one none of us can tolerate, for Fate as we know it is only a slate upon which the will writes the progress of humanity.

Modern civilizations—modern industries—modern arts—modern knowledges, all give the lie to Pacifism and all Western theology rests on the doctrine of the free will. This is the rock upon which both Christianity and Judaism are built, and every Pacifist in history from the dawn of the early Vedic Springtime to the organizers of contemporary "Peace mass-meetings," has denied that man was equipped for a battle with Fate.

India, the land of idle contemplation, has been overrun, slashed up, by every foreign foe that took the trouble to do it, and India is the home and historical birth-place of the most pernicious political system ever invented by man—caste! The armies of Seriramies, Darius, Alexander, Mahmud Tamerlaine, Nadir Shah and Lord Clive had an equally easy time conquering this headquarters of Pacifism and it

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was only a superior military force that stopped Bonaparte. And in Brahmanism there is absolutely no question of country, consequently none of patriotism. "It is the ground we do not tread upon that supports us," the Chinese Pacifist Lao Tzu says. India the land of peace is the land of famine and poverty, yet the richer residents pay priests to come into their homes morning and evening to wake up their Pacifist idols and feed them. Time for us in America to wake up!

While the "schoolmen" of the Middle Ages looked at man and taught him to look at himself purely as a spiritual creature, without any social rights and prerogatives, Feudalism usurped all the economic rights, and the Feudal Barons grabbed the earth. 'Tis the echo of this grabbing that to-day shakes our planet and obscures the stars from man. Only the "heavenly kingdom" interested these defrauded "spirits," and their indifference to earthly kingdoms and social states gave the physically strong a clean field to take possession.

Did the Pacifist Theresa's ascetic zeal mitigate the sufferings even of the lonely monks and nuns, or did it rather make them more miserable? Bernard never preached on social progress, but mostly on the twelve degrees of humility, and, according to Luther, Christians were only flocks of sheep to be slaughtered by those in civil power. The Revolutionists he called "murderous and robbing hordes of peasants," commenting, "Let them be destroyed, strangled, stabbed secretly or publicly, by whomsoever is able to do it, even as a mad dog is killed right away."

Had Germany been in a state of military preparation when Napoleon rode rough-shod all over Europe, she might not so have been divided up by his legions. As a matter of fact and record, Germany's leading thinkers in those days were Pacifists as to-day they are Militarists, and the whole nation was engrossed in discussing their weak-kneed arguments, while the French were planning new attacks. Fichte, their most eloquent thinker, comes out on a college balcony to urge the claims of Pacifism, French bayonets all about him, and Goethe had to run down the bleak road bare-headed to escape some French guerillas.

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And while the German University at Jena was being bombarded, Hegel, another dreamer of Pacifist ideals, entirely insensible of this fact, only clutched his manuscripts tighter under his arms. And Hegel had more power over the mind and thought of Germany then that the Kaiser has to-day! Poor, misguided Pacifist that he was, believing his "non-resistant" arguments contained a solution of all humanity's burdens, never for a moment sensible of the tragic fact that they really contained, or were a compilation, or a misinterpretation, whichever you suspect, of the doctrines and notions of his mystic predecessors—Fichte and Schelling—any more than he was of the French bullets rattling about him. The guillotining of the King and Queen by the French Revolutionists was followed in Germany by the publication of *Reineke Fuchs,* and the reign of Terror synchronised with the publications of the *Letters on the Aesthetical Education of Man.* And while the battles of Arcola and Lodi were being fought, Goethe was putting the finishing touches on his romantic novel *Wilhelm Meister!*

Napoleon remarked about the time that England had appropriated the Empire of the Sea, and France the Empire of the Land. Referring to the Pacifist speculations of his mystic predecessors, Jean Paul Richter, the German novelist, somewhat sadly commented, "And Germany has been granted the Empire of the Air." A different Germany from that of today. Before this, and to show that Pacifists have been consistent throughout the ages, Crishna, the supreme Hindoo God, delivered eighteen lectures on metaphysics on the eve of a great civil battle between the Kourous and the Pandous. These lectures, as a matter of fact, constitute that literary monument of Eastern Mysticism, the *Bhagavad Gita.*

When this masterpiece of Pacifism touches on the social question at all, it is not to carry out some scheme of brotherhood, some French hope Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, but to state clearly such things as "Mingling of races makes for hell." Political caste gets authority and corroboration in these subtle paragraphs, which make no case, and hold out no hope, for man on the social plane. Thus are the Rajputs

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(red), the Brahmans (white), the Vaishyas (yellow), and the Shudras (black) separated socially. The unscientific dreams of the Hindoo Pacifists support the tyranny of the native Princes better than could any western political "machine," as the Pacifism of the "schoolmen" of the Middle Ages was an incentive for shrewd political opportunists. Crishna loves those who have "renounced all human enterprise," and also those "who have laid aside the burden of action," and also "those who are without hope."

Jesus said he came with a sword and the Prophets of the Old Testament were not idle dreamers of idle dreams. They were men of action. Read these scriptures and you will find them interested in all kinds of social reform, rebuking despotism and guiding the people in political issue. The Prophets really were the publicists of the times. Moses was interested in the Here and Now, and his Laws are a Constitution. Nor were "the chosen people" like the East Indians a peace-loving race. They were a race of warriors and lived in the saddle. The sweet-voiced David sings, "Blessed be the Lord my strength which teaches my hand to war, and my fingers to fight." When Jew met Philistine he always gave battle. No Pacifist ever lifted the hoof of political oppression off a suffering humanity.

If only the writings of the greatest and most representative Pacifists—Crishna, Pythagoras, Plotinus, Proclus, Porphyry, Dionysous, Spinoza, Mem Guyon, Paracelsus, etc.—were retained, and the rest of metaphysics suddenly destroyed, would an exploring visitor from some other planet—to indulge a fancy—ever suspect from reading any or all of these, for that matter, that there existed in this world a toiling, sweating, struggling humanity? The attitude all Pacifists take toward the social life of humanity is charmingly illustrated in one of *Gulliver's Travels*. The citizens of the fantastic planet, Laputa, were so absorbed in their day dreams that it was necessary for attendants to accompany them on their strolls about town. These bearers were provided with a dried bladder filled with dried peas, and when a street-crossing was reached or a loved one encountered the

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servant would gently arouse the master's attention by tapping his ear with the rattling bladder.

"The right is greater than peace," as our President says, and to endeavor to talk about the "sunny benefits of peace," with the gigantic shadow of war growing larger all the time, threatening to engulf all who carry peace in their hearts, comes pretty near to being treason. As fire drives out fire, so force must drive out force.

Take the Politics of Spinoza, the greatest Pacifist produced by the Jews. Are they any more ambitious than those of the Greek materialist Aristotle, the tool of Alexander the Great? Aristotle aimed at nothing nobler than to produce a civil code that would accommodate itself to the manners of a tyrant's court. The only time Spinoza mentions Democracy is to slur it, saying in one place, "No form of political order seems to have less permanence than popular or democratic ones, nor have there been any in which seditions have been more frequent." Josiah Royce says Spinoza knew "a world of spiritual peace which the world of sense can neither give nor take away." Granted, but he might have added that his knowledge of the "world of spiritual peace" certainly was equalled by his ignorance of the world of social strife about him, his own race, the Jews, being shut up in a portion of the City of Amsterdam called the Ghetto like so many unclean, untamable animals.

For thousands of years the Pacifism of the representative thinkers of China has produced a national indifference to every economic theory—Lao Tzu, its most popular Pacifist, never aimed at anything greater than to secure more power and to uphold the tyrannies of the reigning rulers. Questions of political reform never entered his unctuous mind. Here's a sample of his guidance in such matters: "The sage when he governs empties the minds and fills the bellies." China has no sense of country and consequently no patriotism, the same as India, and like India it has never been able to keep out the invader. Though at present it has a Republican Constitution, China is still a country in which democracy does not exists, except in the letter.

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The Sufi Pacifists who governed Persia during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries ruled like sharp politicians, and the German Pacifist Novalis believed that if he could destroy himself his full duty to the State would have been accomplished. How different from the military notion that now prevails in Germany. The Alexandrian Pacifist Plotinus called life "a disease of the spirit."

Swedenborg the Swedish Pacifist upheld the principle of monarchy as against democracy as strongly as did Machiavelli, the tool of the Italian Princes. As a matter of fact he was interested only in "the true states of man in the next life," and in the Heavens he claims was revealed to him he tells of how on one of his celestial trips he was accosted by a group of social reformers. "Among them was one I had known on earth," he records in his Spiritual Diaries, "on which account I conversed with him, and according to the nearness was the pain in my teeth and gums." To this Swedish Pacifist, all reformers were "hypocrites."

Mme. Blavatsky "defends astrology," not Socialism. The founder of Occidental Theosophy writes of "blue and red-faced animal men," though she seemed quite disinterested in the social problems of the ordinary human being whose face is white, though lined with suffering.

Pascal, the great French Pacifist, was concerned only with the nothingness of human nature, and though he has written nothing on social improvement he has, like the Jewish Pacifist Spinoza, thrown out a number of hints on how to put down a sedition, saying if it can be made clear to the multitude that Might is Right, rebellions can easily be quelled. Slavish submission to "power," according to this Mystic, is "the real definition of justice." I am not inventing, I am recording.

Pythagoras, the inventor of the theory of the Music of the Sphere, who has a pre-eminent place in Mysticism, was a great Pacifist. Yet what has he contributed to the social life of humanity? Absolutely nothing, and what is more he came to his death because he tried to grind the people of Crotona under his political tyrannies. Diogenes Laertius is authority

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for a statement that in fear of his continued oppression the people of Crotona burned him to death.

The Alexandrian Pacifists touched on everything above the clouds and in the air in their multiform writings, yet they never seemed to appreciate that the social problem also awaited a solution. One thing concerned them, seeing God "face to face." The faces of the suffering multitude had no charm for them. Their leader, Plotinus, called "the classic," considered that the human had no legitimate end to pursue on earth. How could he have championed social reform? Yet it is a fact of academic history that he negotiated with Emperor Gallienus for a tract of land upon which he desired to found an Aristocracy.

Before this the Pharoahs had an easy matter imposing their tyrannous wills on the black multitudes, because of the ignorance and superstition in which they were kept by the native Theurgists or what to-day would be called Pacifists. These priests, one and all, were concerned, not with the civil rights of the living, but with the preservation of the *Books of the Dead.*

Our own greatest Pacifist is Ralph Waldo Emerson, and no one ever was more disinterested in social reform than this same mild-mannered gentleman. Whenever he wrote of the social experiments of the Englishman Owen, or the Frenchman Fourier, it was only to hold them up to scorn, and when Emerson was in a particularly playful humor it was always the subject of Democracy that came in for a beating. Nothing so inspired his shafts of sarcasm, and no one person's influence had more to do with marring the Brook Farm experiments than his. Listen to him: "I like a master standing on legs of iron, well-born, rich, handsome, eloquent, loaded with advantages, drawing all men by fascination into tributaries and supporters of his powers." Sounds as much like a description of the Kaiser as you will find anywhere, and this is the ideal most "liked" by our own greatest Pacifist who in speaking for himself really was speaking for the Pacifists of all countries and all ages.

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THE GREAT TEUTON MYTH

HENRY ALTIMUS

IT is a notable fact of the war that the nearer one approaches the actual fighting front the less one finds of the bitterness and venom so freely expressed in quarters far from the sound of cannon and in neutral countries which gather their information from newspaper dispatches. We have had frequent and easily credible testimony of the gallantry enemy soldiers have displayed toward each other, and we know that prisoners and their guards generally consort with each other on the most amicable terms.

It is in newspaper offices, far from the battle line, and in homes secure against the ravages of war that vituperation is least restrained. While we were neutral we were ourselves guilty of immoderate bitterness, but we are in the conflict now and a change has come over the country. War has a sobering effect, and the national attitude of mind has been undergoing a radical change. The bitterness which was expressed so freely before is now subsiding, giving place to a sober realization of the immense task before us.

The Germans are our enemies now, and, as it is one of the most honored traditions of the Anglo-Saxon race to treat one's enemy with justice and charity, we find ourselves striving for a fairer estimate of the German character.

President Wilson sounded the first note in this altered attitude when, on declaring that a state of war existed between this country and Germany, he asserted that we had no grievance against the German people. President Wilson has not fallen into the error, so frequently made, of confusing the German rulers with the German people. We have repeatedly referred to the Germans as Huns, Vandals, Barbarians. The writer himself, pro-Ally in his convictions and stirred by the long list of German outrages, has often yielded to the promptings of indignation and has branded all Germans indiscriminately as the heritors of Attila.

But let us be fair. Those of us who have lived in Germany and have a first-hand knowledge of German character,

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know that the Teuton of today is not the Teuton of 1914 or before. The war has altered him completely. He has not always been what he is now. It is not the German Hun who has made this war—it is the war that has made the German Hun. And, in calling him a Hun, I wish to make it clear that I do so with the greatest reserve; for I am firmly of the conviction that he is neither the Hun we think him nor the Terrible Teuton he boasts himself.

There are two myths which have emanated from Germany since the beginning of the war; one, that the German, as the highest individual expression of the highest collective Kultur, has been chosen by God to bring light to the world; the other, that the Germans are the greatest fighting race the world has ever known. The first boast has been scornfully rejected as a myth without any foundation and it has done little harm. But it is extraordinary how universal is the belief in the other myth, though it is just as preposterous and as much without foundation as the first. In successfully persuading the world to accept him on his own valuation as the greatest fighter of all time, the German has deceived a too credulous world and has done himself a great injustice, for the truth of the matter is that he is the least pugnacious, least warlike, least genuinely military individual now engaged in the war.

It is indisputably a fact that, aside from the arrogant, intolerant, domineering Prussian, who is as heartily disliked in Germany as he is the world over, the German is essentially a peace-loving, home-loving, comfortable, gentle, non-military individual. He is distinctly not the fighting type. He likes an argument, he will lose his temper easily, he will wave his arms, he will grow red in the face, he may even threaten, but he will not fight. It would ordinarily require an extreme degree of provocation to move him to actual physical encounter. He is not made of the stuff of fighters.

Peace-loving? gentle? you will ask. What of Belgium, of Louvain, of Northern France? Not a fighter? What of the German fighting machine, the greatest military organization in existence?

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There is no better proof in the world that the German is not a fighter than the outrages in Belgium and Northern France, and the very existence of the German military organization is convincing testimony that he is non-military by nature.

No one understood better than the Prussian expansionists and militarists that the German was essentially not a warlike type. They knew that, before they could realize their dream of world conquest and produce a fighting force that could achieve their object, they would have to overcome the German's natural lack of fitness or disposition for physical conflict. The result was a system of military training unprecedented for its severity and its costliness. After forty years of relentless drilling, after the expenditure of incalculable millions through all those years and the imposition of a burdensome system of taxation which no other nation would have tolerated, the Germans produced what they considered an unconquerable fighting machine. They boasted that it was the greatest military organization the world has ever known, and few have had the temerity or judgment to challenge this boast.

It took the British less than two years to produce an army which is whipping the great German military machine. In one twentieth of the time it required the Germans to build their army, and probably at less than one-twentieth the cost, the British have created a fighting force which, man for man, has completely outclassed the Teuton outfit. The example of the English is chosen merely because they were practically the only people in an armed European camp who had no compulsory military service and were taken completely unawares by the precipitation of the conflict. Bear in mind that the British army is composed of recruits who have never had any training, who had given little or no thought to the business of war, and who were rushed into the battle-line after only the briefest kind of preparation.

In view of this comparison, can it still be maintained that the Germans are fighters? Distinctly not! The hurriedly collected British army would not have lasted three

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months against a real fighting race with forty years' preparation behind it.

In the face of these facts, what becomes of the great German myth?

In trying to show that the Germans are not fighters by nature, I do not mean to cast any discredit on them or to ridicule them. I am merely trying to arrive at a just estimate of the German character and to show that he is a good deal less of a holy terror than he pretends to be.

Are not the Belgian atrocities and the devastation in Northern France proof that the German has neither the instincts nor the traditions of a real fighting stock? Compare him with the Briton or the American.

Unlike the German, the American and the Briton are a fighting type. They are pugnacious by nature. They would rather fight than argue any day, and they pass quickly from an exchange of words to an exchange of blows. Has a more eloquent tribute ever been paid to the natural fighting instincts of the American than the enlistment posters calling for marines:

ENLIST IN THE MARINES. FIRST TO FIGHT!

The man who issued that poster counted on the native pugnacity of the young American, just as the German militarists, in prescribing their severe army course, recognized the German aversion for fighting.

Several weeks ago, when the Berlin munition workers threatened to go out on strike, what was the warning the authorities considered most effective in dissuading the workers from their intention?

Now, the notable fact about the Briton or the American is that he does not lose his temper as readily as the German. He will fight long before his temper is gone, and therefore he will fight with due respect for the rules that govern combat. The German, on the contrary, loses his temper easily, and by the time he is fighting he has lost all control of himself. He will respect no rules. He will use foul means or fair, his sole object being to win.

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That is precisely what happened in Belgium. The German was fighting, his temper was gone—the atrocities followed. Again in Northern France, beaten back by the British and French from positions he believed were impregnable, his temper got the better of him, and he devastated everything before him in his retreat. He was angry and the rules of fighting or of common humanity meant nothing to him.

A sense of justice prompts the concession that the German is not by nature a Barbarian, any more than he is by nature a fighter. He did not want this war. President Wilson, in absolving the individual German of responsibility, conceded this. He was driven into the war by his rulers, and, once under their command, he had but to obey.

Three years of war have altered him. He is no longer answerable for his conduct. Whatever generous and kindly instincts he had are gone. It would be absurd to deny that his impulses were the generous impulses common to the rest of us. Even Bethmann-Hollweg once had some of the milk of human kindness in his composition. When the Germans were marching through Belgium, aware of the monstrous nature of the crime and yielding to the impulse of his good German conscience, the Chancellor solemnly swore that he would " make good the wrong " perpetrated against an innocent country. He has not mentioned his promise since. He has changed.

During the early weeks of the war I was entrusted with a message for the American public which I have never transmitted. I did not up to now think that it was of any great consequence; but, at this time, when almost daily we judge the Germans by acts for which they are hardly responsible, the message should bear some weight.

I was on my way from Baden Baden to Frankfort-am-Main, and the only other occupant of my compartment was a middle-aged German. We struck up a conversation as soon as the train was under way, and, when he learned that I was an American and that I would be returning home soon, he begged me, with a tremor in his voice, to please explain to the American public that the German people did not want the

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war, that they were against it from the first, but that they could do nothing but obey their rulers.

My fellow-passenger was not a man of any special importance, but his message is impressive nevertheless, because he was one of many million peace-loving, well-intentioned Germans who were tricked into the war before they could raise their voices against it.

That there were many million such as he I know. I lived in Baden Baden for some months and I had come to make friends with a group of representative young Germans in whose jovial company I spent most of my evenings. They were a very decent lot; one of them paying teller in a local bank, another the son of a hotel proprietor, still another a chemist. All of them had traveled considerably in England and France and had made friends there.

We had made it a regular practice to gather around a table at the Krokodil, a popular café, almost every night. I recall the evening after war had been declared. We were all there. The boys were dumfounded, depressed. Only one of them, the chemist, was pleased at the prospect of fighting, but his enthusiasm was met with the cold and disapproving silence of the others. Very little was said at the table and we broke up early.

There is a general belief in this country that the German people responded to the call eagerly, rushing to the front singing, bloodthirsty, elated by the prospect of fighting. Nothing could be further from the truth.

I walked home alone with Fritz, the paying teller.

"It's terrible," he said to me in his fluent English, once we were alone. "You know, I've lived in London and Paris, and I have lots of friends there. I don't want to fight them. I like them. I have nothing against them, and I know they have nothing against me. It's an outrage."

"Do you think the others feel as you do?" I asked, referring to our friends.

"I'm sure of it," Fritz replied.

"Why didn't they say so? Why didn't you get together?"

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"They didn't dare mention it at the Krokodil. You never can tell who will overhear you. But they've all been abroad, they have friends there, and they don't want to fight. It's too late to try to get together. War has been declared."

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"I don't know."

We walked on in silence.

"I don't want to fight," Fritz resumed after a while. "It isn't that I'm a coward. But I haven't any grievance against my French and English friends. The thought of shooting at them is revolting. If I could only get out of it some way. By Jove, if I could only get across the border!"

We sat up late that night planning some means of escape for Fritz. We considered any number of plans. We knew, with the borders so carefully guarded, it would be almost impossible for him to escape from the country, but he was in dead earnest about getting out of it all, and we considered the possibility seriously. We parted, feeling that it was worth trying, at any rate.

But when we met the following evening at the Krokodil, he was no longer enthusiastic about the project. He was afraid it could not be managed, but, above all, he did not wish to be thought a coward and a shirker. He remained, awaiting the call. The others, too, waited, unhappy at the prospect of fighting their British and French friends, but resigned to the inevitable.

We were not a very gay group. One by one the boys dropped out, called to the colors. First Peter, then Fritz, then Hermann, until finally I was left alone. Only one of them returned. He was rejected on account of his bad teeth. Together we came to the Krokodil, not a very jolly couple, and our constant thought was of the boys who were fighting against their will and against their finest instincts.

They probably went into the front ranks, and most of them are very likely dead by now, but, in justice to them, it must be remembered that they went unwillingly, without bitterness, and with a solemn recognition of the inhumanity of it all.

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They were not fighters. They did not want to fight. They were thrust against their will into the conflict by their ambitious and unscrupulous military leaders. And they obeyed.

It is hard to say in what measure they are indirectly to blame. Even in peace times they found the military regime obnoxious, they hated it, they complained of the heavy taxation, but they did not fight. They were too easy-going, too genial, too easily dominated, and they accepted too supinely a condition of things which was repugnant to them.

And in this over-readiness to bend the knee to authority and lack of readiness to fight, in war or in peace, those who look for the signs of a revolution in Germany may see the death of their hopes. The spirit of the French in 1789, of the Colonies in 1776, of the Russians of 1917, the spirit of fight, is not in the Germans.

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AND WHAT OF ARMENIA?

CAPTAIN NISHAN DER-HAGOPIAN

HOW shall we apportion the measure of guilt which lies upon each of the great European Powers taking part in this mighty war? How did this war originate? If anyone should interfere with a person escaping from a fire, preventing him from attaining a place of safety, whoever he may be, he is absolutely guilty. If anyone binds a person, and that person should die of hunger, he who binds him is guilty of a capital crime, although he did not himself perform the deed. If an actor takes a revolver on the stage and shoots another actor with the intention of killing him, then he is guilty of a crime.

Thus the Turks and their government are guilty towards their subjects because they have never given freedom to the people of their Empire, especially to the Armenians. For the Armenians for many years have been trying to emerge from a state of unenlightenment to a state of civilization; but the Turks have, in all cases, attempted to prevent progress throughout their domain. However, Armenians have always emerged to the higher standard of civilization. The Turks have not sought on the stage of politics or in commerce to outdo the Armenians, nor by competition, peaceful and legitimate, to surpass them, but have maintained themselves on a par with the Armenians, by literally killing them off, and depriving them of their possessions. Then upon the Turks rests the blame for the uncivilized and backward condition of the Ottoman Empire. And behind the Turkish government, supporting it when it threatened to topple to ruin, allowing it to go its own way when it began to massacre Christian people, stands the policy of the great European Powers, and especially Germany, since the Doctrine of Bismarck. Then the great Powers are as guilty as the Turks, for with them rested the means to prevent all these atrocities, and they should be punished for it whoever they may be. But who is to punish these Powers? Who can hand a judge over to prison, or arrest the police?

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A slave cannot be happy while he is a slave. And the Armenians are slaves, practically speaking. Commercially they are not at liberty, politically they have no voice in the government. But who is to save them or set them free? Who but the civilized world? But three-fourths of the civilized world consists of these same Powers whose policy it has been to keep the Turks in power, following each his own selfish schemes of aggrandizement and empire.

What did Christ stand for?—saving of others. What have all the great men stood for?—social amelioration. Victor Hugo said, "Man does not live for himself, but for others." If so, how guilty the great Powers are before the judgment of Christ and the great ones of the world! How guilty you and I are before the judgment of the sublime standards of right and justice!

One after another the ambitious countries of western Europe have schemed, plotted, and intrigued for a clear road to India. That the securing of this road meant the destruction and trampling down of the small nations along the road seems not to have affected their calculations. The great empire builder, Bismarck, looked long and earnestly in the direction of Asia-Minor and India. But in Asia-Minor was a race of people called the Anglo-Saxons of Asia, naturally a progressive and commercial people. Their presence interfered with the schemes of the western nations, for, if the heavy hand of the Turk was removed, the Armenians and not the Germans would possess the land, would harvest its resources and develop its potentialities. Plainly Asia-Minor must be rid of this people. The Turk, before he departed forever into the silent past where slumber Egypt, Babylonia, and Assyria, might render a great service to western Europe. To exterminate a great people—that were too cruel, too merciless, too inhuman for a Christian, empire builder though he be; but for a Turk—well, it would only give Europe a reasonable excuse for driving him away. When the British in 1883 proposed to institute some "Turkish Reforms" Bismarck replied, "Germany cares nothing about the matter, and it had better be dropped." In 1896 Prince Lobanoff said,

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"We will annex Armenia when there shall be no Armenians left." In 1896 Lord Salisbury said, "The great Powers have resolved that for the peace of Europe the Ottoman Empire must stand."

But who is there who does not believe that the resurrection of Armenia was hinted at in the Article 61, Berlin Treaty, 1878! It was the intention of the makers of that treaty that Armenia should be constituted a separate country under the suzerainty of Russia, as was stipulated for Eastern Bulgaria or Rumania. But the Turk, who knows so well how to promise, so ill how to perform, did nothing to carry out this program. So far from setting up an Armenian semi-independent nation, and giving to it the right to live and develop undisturbed, the Turks, in the horrible massacres of 1896 and 1909, granted them only the permission to die. For a time after 1878, Armenian patriots were hopeful for some settlement of the question other than the settlement by blood so deeply inbedded in Turkish policy. But after those two crime-stained episodes their hopes were rudely shattered. Then did Armenia cry out to the world for help, and then did the Christian world turn a deaf ear to the call. England had in swelling phrase, in 1878, said that she would take Armenia under her all-powerful, all-Christian protection. In 1896, when the time to carry out her promise came, she said, "I cannot float my battleships over to Mount Ararat, as Noah floated his ark." "The Sultan," said the Kaiser in 1896, "should be allowed to do with his subjects as he liked."

But I believe that the faith of the Armenians in Christianity will restore them to their old glory, will keep them clean and upright against the day of their resurrection. And besides, their courage and love of peace, their keeping true to the love of humanity as a supreme aim, will not permit them to perish from the earth.

This great war, this most terrible war of all the ages, is a source of dread to the Armenians beyond my power to tell. There are signs that the Central Powers will join with Turkey in annihilating the Armenian nation. European politics have smoothed over, but not settled, the Armenian

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question. Self-interest and desire for pathways of commerce and greed for power on the part of others have made the Armenians a people of tragedy down the centuries. Selfish materialism has brought on this great war.

The Master said, "As ye sow that shall ye also reap," and the Powers, sowing hate, envy, greed, will reap the crop of their unholy seed, and even now are suffering for the injustice they have done.

Many believe that on the day of Judgment body and soul will be freed by the power of heaven. How so? If there is a judgment in heaven there must be one on earth. If so, where is it? There seems to be none. As surely as the sun rises in the East and sets in the West, there ought to be a judgment upon the European Powers. In America even, and I am ashamed to say it, in this blessed country built upon the solid rocks of justice and love of mankind, in America even today, we find men now who are unjust and disloyal. Even into the Church of Christ have entered many hypocrites and Pharisees. Have ever the European Powers acted according to the highest principles of morality, justice, peace and love of man! And when have they acted justly toward small nations! Their policy has now ruined themselves, like those who had life once and shall never come to life again. It is true that everyone knew that Turkey was the "Sick Man of Europe" for the last fifty years. The Powers have had the remedy in their hands. Why have they not done the thing that was right? Have they served the small nations justly—Poland, the Balkan States, Armenia? What have they desired? They want their own share, and more than their own share, to further their own interests and extend their imperial power. They will do nothing for the sake of the small nations, but as it suits themselves to say, "This one shall we destroy, and that one shall we bring to life."

This is the European music, just like snake music. On the one hand they sing, on the other they sting. Now they stab to the heart, and now attempt to patch up the wound they have made. The last fifty years of Armenian massacres have been nothing but a play of the European Powers, a

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game of chess in which the lives of men and nations are the pawns.

When Germany began to build up the Turkish Empire and establish the Bagdad Railroad, then she began to threaten the peace of the world, because it meant invasion of India and Russia. The Balkan States, Belgium and the Ottoman Empire were a series of buffer states between German and English interests. Then Germany began to threaten the inundation of British territory, along with the smaller states. Where is all the talk of peace which went on in Europe before the war? What shall we think of it in the light of recent events? In how many cases was it nothing but a cloak to hide far-reaching schemes of empire and aggrandizement? As soon as England felt her own interests endangered, naturally she began to take defensive steps. So jealousy began to arise between the powers. English, French, and Russian protests were viewed by Germany as senseless and jealous attempts to prevent her unlawful expansion, attempts inspired by envy. It was an attack upon her feelings as well as upon her interests. Insensibly she began to adopt a bellicose attitude. This made the other powers even more nervous and apprehensive. Again Germany, feeling that the other powers were tremendous in growth, began to think that the only way that she could advance her power was by military force. The growth of her army only served to crash the civilization, because it seemed to support their intuitive forebodings by ruthless facts. Germany, it seemed, was arming herself against the other nations of Europe. And this may be partly true. Why should Germany be jealous of England? Because she had established her commerce long before Germany? Why should England be jealous of Germany for development of her commerce? But neither side would trust the other, because in the past of both many a black eye, many a lie passed, and promise unfulfilled still cried out for punishment.

There is space upon the earth for many times more people than are living to-day. There is room in the world and to spare for all. Why should one man begrudge to another

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his plot of ground, or the goods he has so hardly accumulated? Why should they bend their efforts in wrestling good things from one another, when nature stands ready to yield in abundance to all who choose to strive with her? In the strife of man there is no lasting victory nor sure achievement, because the strength of the weaker grows in failure and the strong becomes weaker by success. But in the war with nature, men grow ever more powerful in relation to their environment. But selfish materialism blinds men to the true facts of the case, and brings on great and terrible wars.

Moreover, when the contract of the Bagdad Railroad was thrown open in European capitals, naturally Germany would grab it. It is because of her aim all along to get possession of the line for military purposes. Why did not England take it? Of course she could not. She would at once have aroused suspicion that she was aiming at the domination of the world. Besides, she had all she wanted. What should have been done? The Bagdad Railroad should have been given to some neutral power in Europe, or better to American firms. If Americans had taken up the matter when the contract was offered at Washington, the Eastern question would have been settled then and there, and we would not have had this great war today. America, being a neutral nation, would not have caused suspicion among European Powers. No one would have suspected her of attempting to swallow up Turkey, or of seizing any land in Asia for military purposes. Mr. Wilson, in one of his recent addresses, said, " We have many things to settle with the warring countries, but now we cannot insist on anything. We will let it go until after the war." This is absolutely true and well said. Why is this dissatisfaction here, there, and everywhere with Europe? It is because the Great Powers are eager to get more and more. It is with nations as with capitalists and financiers. The more they have the more they want. Kings want to enlarge their kingdoms, capitalists wish to increase their capital. It makes no difference if the public suffers—if men are crushed and destroyed.

After all, there is one important factor in this great war

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not often noticed. Turkey and the Balkan States are the cause of this tragedy of the European nations today. Therefore, the twentieth century will see the end of wars and the sorrow shall be buried forever; affliction which follows in the wake of wars will cease to be. At the end of the war the judgment day will come. The Teutons will be bankrupt. That will mean a great change in their government. It is sure to come. The Balkan States will probably fall under the control of one of the Great Powers. Then the disturbances which have swept out of them to embroil Europe will be stopped at their source. For the last fifty years they have been annoying each other and the civilized world. After all, this terrible sacrificing of men, women and children—fifteen millions of lives, two hundred billions of dollars—shall not be thrown away and the coming generations will enjoy the benefits. Then the near-Eastern question will be settled forever.

The second important question to be considered is what will happen to Turkey. Probably Turkey will have to get out of Asia-Minor. Then there will be no more "sick man of Europe." Armenia will then be constituted a separate nation. In this matter especially should America lend her support. Then there will be an end of the massacres. There will be a new Armenia—and there is reason for it. The liberal spirit of Armenian ethics is most strikingly evidenced, in the past and in the present, in the belief that the pious and the virtuous of all nations will participate in the Eternal Bliss, and in the doctrine that man's salvation depends not upon the acceptance of certain articles of belief nor on ceremonial observations, but on that which is the ultimate aim of religion, purity of heart, morality of conduct, and obedience to government. These are the reasons why this great nation should support them. Not long ago Mr. Roosevelt said, when the troubles of Armenia were great in the terrible massacres of 1909, "Dispatches from the East give proof that Armenia has fallen into trouble and confusion, and the Turkish government is utterly powerless to bring about a condition of peace and order. Sooner of later foreign Powers must intervene in Armenia so as to suppress the disorder and open up

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that wonderful crossroad of the world." Mr. Roosevelt said that Armenia was designed by nature to be the crossroad of the world. He also said that America stood ready to dispose its fleet so as to take part in the settlement of the Eastern question. Listen to his exact words: "Over and above all considerations of trade and politics we will continue to urge the claims of outraged humanity in the stricken land of Armenia." He believed that Armenia needed what Cuba needed in 1898. Even though he did nothing, yet he showed his love and sympathy. Then the massacres were very small in comparison with those of the present.

Not only does Armenia deserve to live because of the high moral nature of her people, but a resuscitated Armenia will be a matter of good policy for the Allies. Should the Allies succeed in humbling Germany, troubles in Europe will be settled. It is to prevent troubles between these smaller nations that some buffer state will have to be created, to keep their boundaries apart and prevent suspicion and jealousy.

THE SCISSOR-MAN

H. THOMPSON RICH

I

THE beat of feet comes up the street,
The vagrant beat of a rover's feet.

It nears, it nears, as Dan appears,
As Dan the scissor-man appears!

He bears a pack upon his back,
A novel manner of knapsack!

And as he nears with nomad swing,
The laughing children following,

You catch a fragment of his song—
A bit of rhythm borne along

Upon the wind that wanders by,
A fond wayfarer of the sky:

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"*Scissors to grind! Scissors to grind!*"
The echoes reach before, behind.

And now a window's opened wide,
And now a curtain's thrust aside,

And now a little lady waves
Her dusting-cloth—and ends his staves.

He faces towards her quizzically:
"*Scissors to grind, today?*" asks he.

She nods and holds aloft a pair
Of scissors to his saucy stare.

He smiles. "Now I must work, alack!"
He muses, and unstraps his pack.

II

The children gather in a ring;
They crowd about, they laugh, they sing:

"Dan, Dan, the scissor-man,
Sharpens things the best he can!"

Zus-zuzz, zus-zuzz, the wheel goes round,—
Oh, but it is a merry sound!

They gather closer, listening;
And now they dance about the ring:

"Dan, Dan, big and tan——
I'd like to be a scissor-man!"

Zus-zuzz, zus-zuzz, without a doubt,
It makes you want to dance about!

Dan laughs aloud. "You'd like my tan?
You'd like to be a scissor-man?"

He chuckles once, he chuckles twice,
And then he gives them this advice:

"Of all the scissor-men I've met,
I haven't met a rich one yet;—

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And what is more, so hear me still,
I don't believe I ever will!"

III

Now Dan has finished sharpening;
But still the children keep the ring.

They crowd about and crowd about
And will not let the poor man out:

"Sing us another song," they say,
"And then we'll let you go away,—

A song of Dan, so big and tan,
A son of Dan the scissor-man!"

He smiles, and as he straps his pack
Upon his great broad-shouldered back,

He hums a lilting farewell treat
To the little circle at his feet:

"There was a scissor-man so wise,
He made his home beneath the skies;

He wandered near, he wandered far,
By day, by night, by sun, by star;

All around the world he went,
Not a nickel, not a cent;

Not a worry, not a doubt,
Not a thing to think about;

Not a single thing to do,—
Children, how would that suit you?"

He laughed a last long laugh, and then—
Turned into the road again.

The beat of feet goes down the street,
The vagrant beat of a rover's feet.

It goes, it goes, the wild wind blows . . .
But where Dan goes, nobody knows!

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THE MAN WHO GREW PEAS

E. Eugene Barker

AS I come in and turn on the desk light, my eyes fall on a little picture that hangs before me over the desk. Instead of busying myself with work at once, as I usually do, to-night I allow myself to indulge in fanciful musings. As I sit gazing at the picture, my thoughts wander off to visit the man whom it portrays and make his more intimate acquaintance.

It is the face of a lovable and genial person, but the thin, hard-pressed lips of the large mouth show strength and firmness. The spectacles and the broad, high forehead indicate a man of studious habit and intellectual power. The eyes, deep-set beneath straight, heavy, overhanging brows, are kindly, but above all impress one that here is a man who thinks and ponders, who reaches his conclusions quietly. In short, it is the face of a man who would win the loving respect of his fellows, and who has the ability to fulfill any trust placed in him by others. It is, moreover, the face of a man whose disposition has been sweetened by quiet meditation, and by constant association with earth and flowers. He worked in a garden.

The hands are exquisitely modeled and sensitive. They are not small or effeminate. They are full-blooded and strong, suggesting at the same time refinement and virility. What does his dress indicate? A seal ring on the hand that holds a prayer-book, a surplice of richest lace, the cape and pendant cross, above all the mitre and crozier at his elbow, signify him to be a prelate of the Roman Church. It is the portrait of Gregor Mendel, Abbot of Brünn.

The scientific world has been much interested of late in this priest, who lived so quietly in the Austrian city that when he died in 1884 the world at large knew nothing of his epoch-making discoveries in natural science.

I turn to the journal of a learned society that lies close at hand, and open it to a view looking across the well-kept

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square in Brünn toward the Augustinian Cloister. The buildings are large and imposing. The Gothic chapel, in harmony of proportions and grace of lines, is not excelled by many of the greater eccleciastical edifices of Europe. The home of the Brothers, to the left of it, is large and dignified, in architectural pretensions commensurate with the Abbey. This, then, is the institution over which Gregor Mendel presided.

But what of Mendel the man, not Mendel the prelate? At one side of the square there has recently been erected a statue of whitest marble. Against a hedge of leafy pea vines, there stands at ease a figure clad in the robes of a monk. It is Mendel the man, the gardener, to whom the world pays honor—the man who grew peas. He was not at all times the prelate, who in the portrait wears the robes of state with such dignity.

Again I turn to the journal, and read there a letter written by him to his friend Nägeli, the scientist, in 1868. After making some kindly and sincere inquiries regarding his friend's health, and thanking him for sending some seeds, he goes on to say: "A complete and most unexpected change has lately come to pass in my circumstances. My unworthy self was chosen on May 30th by the chapter of the institution to which I belong, to be its head for life. From my hitherto humble position as teacher of experimental physics, I thus find myself suddenly translated into a sphere where everything is so strange, that it will be only after much time and effort that I shall be able to feel myself at home. This however, shall not prevent me from continuing the experiments in hybridization which have now become so dear to me, and I hope when I have got used to my new position to be able to devote more time and attention to them."

Alas! the duties of his new office did prevent much further work with his plants, but the laws of heredity that he had already discovered were, and are at the present day, the most definite and complete of any known to us. The letter gives a clue to the humility of his character, but as one looks at the exterior of the splendid monastery, he wonders how

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a man of simple tastes could live a simple life amidst such sumptuous surroundings.

Again I open the drawer of my desk and bring forth another photograph. It is the picture of a little clock with two long weights swinging against a bare white wall—an unpretentious little alarm-clock such as one might buy for a few marks in any German shop. But it had a voice—a voice that spoke to Gregor Mendel in the quiet of his cell, and called him to work as faithfully as ever his conscience called him to duty. This little clock I like to think of as a personality, a friend who worked with Mendel, and reminded him in the early morning that it was time to go forth into the garden and look to his plants.

This musing brings the man's personality so vividly before me that across the years I can see him standing in his brown monk's robe and hear the sound of his voice, deep but pleasant, explaining in his genial manner his much loved experiments.

It is the garden of the monastery, the dew is yet on the vines and freshness in the air, and he is there at work among his pea vines, stooping low over some prostrate plants, the dirt on his coarse brown robe, his cowl thrown back, and on his bare head the slant rays of the early sun, just peeping over the garden wall. Looking up, he espies me, and advances with a smile on his face, a welcome in his outstretched hands. He greets me genially, and leads the way back to where he had been pollinating flowers. Before a curtain of pea vines crisp and fresh, he stops and begins to talk, fingering them caressingly the while.

These peas he has been studying for nearly eight years, and they have taught him many things. Yes, in the past he had always been fond of pottering around in the garden, and he had often made artificial pollinations on his flowers to obtain varieties new in color, after the manner of Kölrenter and Gärtner. The results had interested and puzzled him because the hybrids and their progeny were so variable. In the hybrids, some of the characters were identical with the character in one or the other of the parents, or else they

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blended to form a new character, but in the progeny of the hybrids they were usually variable. He had often wondered why these men, who gave their whole attention to making such crosses, and who must have noticed how strikingly the same forms always appeared when the same characters were crossed together, had never formulated some general law that could explain how all these changes took place.

The more he thought about it, the more certain it seemed to him that these hybrid forms always reappeared in a definite and orderly way, and that if one set about it with only the end in view of finding how they occurred, he surely would succeed in solving the problem and finding a definite controlling law. The results seemed very confused, but certain forms always reappeared and it could not be merely by chance. Now these men, it seemed to him, had been too ambitious, their experiments had been too complicated, and the many points of difference in the plants they had crossed may have obscured the results they sought. Would it not be better to look after just one pair of characters, as a purple and a white flower, disregarding all other differences in the plants, and watch for these colors or a mixture of them to appear in the plants grown from the seed of this cross? And then to grow every seed from each of these plants, following them another generation further, and arranging the types in groups according to the generation to which they belonged? If one grew seed from every plant for several generations after the crossing, and arranged them in a definite series of descent, he could follow those two colors right through, it seemed to Mendel, and possibly would find some numerical relations existing between the different color types in each generation. It seems that it had never occurred to anybody to do this. And if one could do it, arranging the whole pedigree in an orderly series, it might throw some light on the way new varieties appear in nature.

All the while he has been telling me this, he has been training the vines against a framework of brush boughs and strings with the touch of a man who cares. These pea vines would be just as good as any other plant to use in such an

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experiment. Instead of crossing a red with a white flower, one could cross one of these tall-growing vines with a dwarf vine, or a plant having smooth round seeds with one having angular wrinkled seeds, or one having flowers scattered all along the stem among the leaves could be crossed with one having them bunched at the top of the stem like this vine—and he touches a cluster of delicate lavender blossoms. Yes, the pea he has always found an ideal plant with which to work. Its characters are constant, and are easy to recognize. He has found it sets seed abundantly, and there is little danger of insects bringing to it the pollen of another plant, owing to the closed structure of the flowers. He is kneeling now, opening with deft fingers the petals of a little flower to reveal its pistil and stamens. There they are all together safe within the "keel" and covered over with their own pollen. He had crossed together a tall plant and a short plant, and had found that all the hybrid plants were as tall as the taller parent. None was short. But when he grew the seed from them all, some were short again as the dwarf grand-parent. The short character had disappeared in the first hybrid generation after the cross, but it must have been there latent, for it reappeared again in the second generation. It was just as though it were dominated and obscured by the tallness, and recessive to it. In the second generation there were always three tall plants to every short one, a definite ratio. He found this to be true of all seven of the contrasted character pairs in the peas that he had crossed together.

"Now what do you suppose happened when I planted the seeds from these second generation vines?" he asks.

"From the short ones grew short plants, but from the tall plants came both tall and short ones," he adds with a quizzical smile on his lips.

"I grew them all another generation and the short ones gave always short plants, while the tall ones sometimes gave only tall plants, and sometimes gave both tall and short. This was puzzling, but I found that among the tall plants, the ones that gave only tall plants were only one-third as numerous as the ones that gave both tall and short. Here

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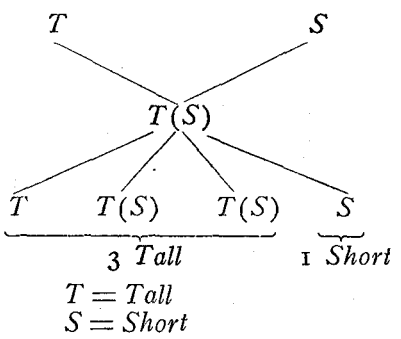
I had short plants that always bred true, one-fourth of the total number in each generation; three-fourths were tall, and of these tall ones one-third bred true in every later generation, but two-thirds of them continued to break up into tall and short in the ratio of 3 : 1, just as the first tall hybrid had done. They were evidently hybrids like it, but the other constant ones behaved like the two original ancestors if they had not been crossed with each other. They always bred true."

While he is explaining all this to me, he traces a diagram in the earth with a small stick. "You see, those characters are inherited in an orderly way, and in definite ratios," he continues, "in spite of the seeming confusion; and I never would have discovered it if I hadn't grown them for several generations, every seed by itself, and kept track of its place in the scheme."

I am interested and examine more closely the diagram in the garden-bed.



"It is all definite as mathematics before us, but how will you explain it? I puzzled over it a long time after the definite ratios had shown themselves before the true explanation occurred to me. Now it appears as simple as can be. I will show you. Each plant chosen to start with, whether it was tall or short, had only the one character in it, and formed pollen and egg-cells all of one kind, accordingly as the plant possessed either the character of tallness or shortness. Now when we fertilize an egg-cell in the tall plant with pollen from a short plant, a seed will be formed bearing both characters in it. It is a hybrid of tallness and shortness, and if they blend, the plant that comes from it will be medium sized, but if the character for tallness is much stronger than the

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character for shortness—as it is in the case of the peas, tallness entirely dominates the short character, and the plant appears tall. Thus the two opposed characters are forcibly combined in the hybrid plant, but when this plant comes to form its pollen and egg cells, these characters find an opportunity to separate from one another, and will not enter together into any pollen cell or egg cell. Instead, there are formed 'tall' pollen grains, and 'short' pollen grains, 'tall' egg cells and 'short' egg cells, in equal numbers. Now just watch what happens when we pollinate the hybrid plant with its own pollen."

Again he stoops down to trace a diagram in the soft warm earth. Catching his own enthusiasm I bend eagerly forward, as if the mysteries of Life were being revealed before my marveling eyes—as indeed they were! "Here we have two kinds of pollen formed, and two kind of egg cells, each in equal numbers. According to the law of probabilities, a 'tall' pollen grain will fertilize a 'tall' egg cell, and a purely tall plant will result. It has no shortness in it, and its progeny can never be short. Then we have one 'short' pollen grain fertilizing a 'short' egg cell. A pure short individual results, whose progeny can never be tall. But we find a 'tall' pollen grain fertilizing a 'short' egg cell, and a 'short' pollen grain fertilizing a 'tall' egg cell. The tallness in both these is stronger or 'dominant,' as I call it, so these seeds will produce tall plants. This is how we find three tall plants to every one short plant in the second generation. But two of these, you see, are hybrids and contain both tallness and dwarfness. They are just like their hybrid parent, and when fertilized with their own pollen will produce in the same way tall plants and short plants,

Pollen Parent		Seed Parent		Offspring
T	→	*T*	→	*T T* (*Tall*)
S	→	*S*	→	*S S* (*Short*)
T	→	*S*	→	*T S* (*Tall*)
S	→	*T*	→	*T S* (*Tall*)

Diagram showing the ratio of tall plants to short plants in the offspring of a first generation hybrid pea vine fertilized with its own pollen

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three of the tall ones to one of the short ones. This holds good not only for tallness and dwarfness, but also for the color of the seedcoats, the difference in form of the ripe pods, and for all the other characters I have studied. Indeed, I suspect it would hold good for many other characters in other plants as well."

"What would happen if you tried to combine more than one pair of contrasted characters?" I find myself asking. "Did you ever try that?"

"Yes, and I have found they combine according to the same laws, but the results are more complicated. The Law of Chance tells us what combinations to expect, and in what ratios they will occur."

Again he is kneeling on the ground, tracing a diagram in the loose soil of an unplanted seed-bed, so absorbed that he does not hear the striking of the bell in the cloister. Not for sometime does he realize that the signal is sounding for matins. Then he hurriedly shakes the dirt from his robe, commenting as he does so, that he sometimes forgets the matins entirely, so absorbed does he become in his devotions here with the pea vines. "I forget I am not kneeling in chapel," he adds with a droll twinkle in his eye. "The Brothers complain that I spend the best of my time here, but it seems to me that a man can do no better service than in helping God to grow flowers."

It remained for a later generation of scientific investigators to make the same discoveries over again, though in never so brilliant an inductive way. His original papers came to light in 1900, when their full import was appreciated, and their rediscovery has been a great stimulus to scientific research in the ways of heredity.

His spirit, reincarnated, now lives again, a dominant force in the lives of scores of investigators who are searching the truth in the great mysteries of life. It is the privilege of this later generation to do homage to Gregor Mendel, not as Abbot Brünn, but as The Man Who Grew Peas.

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ZIONISM AND THE AMERICAN SPIRIT

(A New Perspective)

ELISHA M. FRIEDMAN

ZIONISM, for twenty centuries a religious yearning, and since twenty years a social program, did not appeal to the world at large until the advent of the great war. However, the attention that the minor peoples attracted during the course of the conflict set up a new standard in terms of which the Jewish problem might be reasoned out. Some, at least, of the blunders made in the treatment of the Jewish problem since the breaking up of the Ghetto, came from viewing it entirely as a theological problem instead of more broadly as a sociological one. But the tragedy of Belgium, the fate of Poland and the plea of the small nations, has furnished a new measure to apply to the whole Jewish problem.

Recent events have served to accentuate Zionism as an attempt at the solution of the Jewish question. The campaign in Palestine has dramatically brought the land of ancient Israel to the fore. Our own entry into the war, and the voice that we are to have at a coming peace conference, has given a peculiar turn to America's interest in the Zionist question.

Specifically, what is Zionism? Dating back as a hope, to the destruction of the Temple, and resuscitated as a project by its gifted leader, Theodore Herzl, Zionism was formulated at the first International Zionist Congress in 1897 as a movement, aiming to secure for the Jewish people a publicly and legally assured home in Palestine. Much water has flowed to the sea since then. Ink has been spilled at and for the movement. However, the opposition was never on the part of non-Jews, strange to say, but only on the part of Jewish anti-Zionists, who either mistook the aims of the movement or had selfish fears as to their own status. However, twenty

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years of discussion have clarified thought on the subject, so that to-day it might be said that, regardless of political form, Zionism aims to preserve the Jewish people in their ancestral home that they may contribute, along with the other peoples of the world, to the enrichment of the world's culture. The Zionist community will affect not only the Jews who will return to Palestine after the war, but far more vitally, will it concern their scattered brothers in the various political states.

Not only because America numbers over a million Jews among her sons does the question interest us as Americans. In a more than selfish sense, America has a stake in the Zionist ideal. The righteous nation that fought for Cuba and then set her free, that alone of all the powers refused an unjust indemnity from China, that newly set for the world another example in high-minded rather than high-handed diplomacy in Colombia, that refused under powerful provocation to interfere with the liberty which the Mexican people were working out for themselves, and that entered the great war that "the world might be made safe for democracy," this friend of the small peoples has translated the square deal in terms of international affairs. It would be counter to every noble impulse to which America has given birth if she did not at an opportune moment, generously offer her aid toward the restoration of the Jewish people to a home and a center in Palestine. Because the ancient Hebrews were the first people that wrote democracy into its charter of government—the Bible, and because our republic was influenced at its birth by the Hebraic traditions that dominated New England, therefore when this ancient people is struggling to regain its position in the brotherhood of the world, America's interest in the freedom of small nations finds an added sanction.

ZIONISM IN A NUT-SHELL

The emancipation of the Jew in Russia, while it may ameliorate the condition of the individual Jew, will not solve the problem of the Jewish people. Kicked and buffeted about for twenty centuries, it is now in danger of dissolution. The

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Jewish problem is not alone one of persecution. It involves as well the loss by an historic social group of its distinctive personality. The people that on its own soil produced the Bible has contributed nothing objective during two thousand years of dispersion, although it may have been the subject of an inspiring picture of persistence and martyrdom. It merely preserved itself. And when history brought to it political emancipation, it entered into spiritual sterility. Creature of persecution, the Jew, adaptable and imitative, assumed the hue of his surroundings with its decidedly materialistic tinge.

To-day, the Jewish people is slowly dying, culturally and socially. Lacking a home and a center of life, its religious reserves are being exhausted. The Jewish people may be contributing as individuals to the advance of civilization, but as a living, active, social group, they count for naught. In France, Italy and Spain, they have almost ceased to be. The Jews of England and Germany are following a similar course. Only the immigration from eastern Europe, hitherto the arena of persecution, is temporarily postponing—for but a few generations—the processes of decay of Jewish life in our own country.

The absorption of a scattered minority people is the inexorable law of history. Can the Jews hope to escape it? And if they will not, as they cannot, then emancipation will mean the complete dissolution, in Russia as well as in France, in the United States as well as in Italy, of this dispersed minor group.

Well, what of it? asks the anti-Zionist. The answer is —the harmony of world cultures. The world is the richer for the existence of a Belgian or a Polish people. Scatter them, and they will cease to produce Maeterlincks or Chopins, as the Jews have ceased to produce Isaiahs. Give the Jewish people Palestine, and a portion of them will produce distinctive and essential values to beautify and enrich human life. History proved it, when only forty-two thousand Jews returning to Palestine with Ezra, edited the Bible, and preserved the God idea, without which there would be to-day

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neither Christianity nor Mohammedanism. Indeed, the rest of the Jews, scattered over the world of that time were assimilated, but the nucleus in Palestine survived.

Without Zionism, without a center in Palestine, the Jews will, until they cease to exist, constitute an international irritation, as in the past—a problem in Germany as well as in Russia, or in any country where they as a scattered minority refuse to merge themselves completely and without qualification of blood or culture with the majority in every political state. And when they cease to be, as, without a center, they must, when the student will view them only as history, then the world will be the poorer, as it is for the passing of Greece and its art, or of Rome and its law, yes, poorer even as the world for the passing of the red man from this continent. At this perilous stage of his existence, the Jew has no other avenue of escape from dissolution but the reëstablishment by a portion of the people of a home and a center in Palestine. The disappearance of the non-Palestinian Jew will then be no loss to the world's cultures nor will his continued survival outside of Palestine be attended by any friction, as little as is the life of the Belgians in Russia or the Poles in England.

If only as a large social experiment Zionism should be tested out for its potentialities. For less than a century, the Jewish people have been freed from civil and political disabilities. Yet, in the train of emancipation, there followed various dangers. Released from pressure, the Jewish people have lost their distinctive spiritual bent, so that they no longer produce peculiar and essential social values of any kind.

Worse, still, they are dying out. They are losing forever the power to create in a future new cultural values such as every people is capable of producing. The process of disintegration began in France after the French Revolution and in Germany after the razing of the Ghetto walls. The result is not sporadic or accidental in France or Germany, but continuous and inevitable everywhere—in England, in the United States, and, from now on, in Russia. The ferment

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of liberty will not spare the people that was hitherto encased within the walls of the Pale. During the process of disintegration, even, the Jews incur the prejudice of their fellowmen. Their death as a group is accompanied by all the pains of mortal dissolution—economic boycott in Poland, academic and military discrimination in Germany and social ostracism everywhere.

As a people, it is dying hard—a long, drawn-out and lingering death, for the basic law of existence is self-preservation. When a group becomes aware of approaching dissolution, it makes desperate efforts to live. Except for isolated cases, the scattered Jews will not readily merge their identity with the other peoples of the world; for, to do so would mean extinction, unless they previously established a center. This condition is unique with the Jews and does not hold for the members of any other people, for, when a Frenchman, Belgian, Pole or Irishman gives up his old connections, he leaves behind a great source of national life which can survive without his allegiance. Not so with the Jew or with any other dispersed group that has no territory.

Because his group is in continuous danger of dissolution, the Jew exhibits at all times a social psychology exhibited by other peoples only in times of war or other great dangers to the group. The lack of a center, *coupled* with the desire to continue to live, is the cause of the singular characteristics of the Jew. Loyalty in times of distress is a beautiful trait which is apotheosized in human relationships. Because the Jewish people, as a people, has always been in distress, down to this very day, its members have been keenly loyal to the group. Even though this loyalty is generalized and exhibits itself in many directions in relation to an employer, to an institution or to his native land, yet this trait in him alone is stigmatized as clannishness. Because, as a people, it dare not give up its identity, there has arisen against the entire group, regardless of the nobility of the character of any individual in it, a prejudice which varies in the degree of severity only with the breadth of vision of his neighbors. This anti-social feeling, in turn, develops a keen sensitive-

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ness to criticism, a consciousness of self, and a lack of poise that is embarrassing. The Jew is also unique for his pride in his past. This is directly due to the fact that, as a creative social group, the Jewish people has a barren present, in striking contrast with its past. As individuals, baptized at times, the Jews may have enriched civilization out of all proportion to their number, in every field of human activity and in every country—in England, the Herschels in astromony, and Disraeli in statesmanship; in Germany, Marx in social reform, Herz in electricity, Ehrlich and Wasserman in medicine, and Mendelssohn in music, Ballin in commerce, and Harden in journalism; in Russia, Mendeleef in chemistry and Anotokolsky in art; in Holland, Spinoza in philosophy and Israels in painting—and so on, in France, Bergson; in Denmark, Brandes, and in Italy, Luzatti. But, because as a people, as a social entity, it has produced little in the past two thousand years of dispersion, it harks back continually to a rich past as a source of pride. And, as Lyman Abbott put it, "It is a poor present which shines only by the reflected glory of the past." The Jew is singular in all these psychological traits, as he is peculiar also in the fact that his is the only living social group that has no center. If the Jewish people is permitted to reëstablish a normal group life in Palestine to save it from the ever-present threat of dissolution, its members will become normal like the rest of men.

The nations of the world have a selfish stake in the Zionist movement. If they would solve their Jewish problem, they must recognize the law of self-preservation of the group and aid in the restoration of a Jewish community in Palestine. If they fail to restore a part of the Jewish people to their ancestral home, they fail to get to the root of the problem, and leave unremoved, the international irritation of a homeless people that does not want to die, and therefore refuses to merge with the rest of the population. Diplomatic dilettantism, dallying with the symptoms of social maladjustments by legislating equality, or giving the Jew merely individual liberty, political or economic, will not solve the collective problem—the freedom of a group to live and express itself

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in accordance with its historic bent or its inherent inclinations.

THE PROBLEM OF AMERICAN JUDAISM

The problem of American Judaism, as a writer in the magazines recently saw it, is not an isolated problem in itself. For it cannot be separated from the problem of the American Jew, just as one's opinion of a poem or a painting involves a judgment of its creator. One may decry this statement as a "narrow racialism." However, this would be absurd, for a world-noted scholar, Benjamin Kidd, in his "Social Evolution," calls attention to the generalization, that religion is the function of a social group. The "people of the book" reflected its aspirations in the religion. Likewise the hopes for a restoration of his people are among the sublimest ideals which the prophets pictured.

If the Jewish religion in America is now colorless, it is because there is no unified Jewish community which can idealize its social aspirations. The contribution of the Jews, to the spiritual advance of humanity was made during the few hundred years when Israel was on its own soil and living a full, normal, social life. Twenty centuries of exile cannot boast of a single Moses, an Isaiah, or a Jesus, the products of a united people. For two thousand years the Jew has hibernated culturally. He has been living off his past. But now that all religion is being revalued and reinterpreted, the Jewish people, dismembered and scattered all over the globe, is powerless to adapt its spiritual heritage to modern life. The result is disintegration. The Jew cannot justify his further separate existence in a state of dispersion, except for the hope that he may be preserved until the day when his children again rebuild the Jewish group life. Reject Zionism as a future hope, not only to be prayed for, but to be realized at the earliest opportunity, and there cannot be found any justification for the persistence of a separate people.

Reform Judaism, was at one time anti-Zionistic. In rejecting the Palestine that either as a fact or as a hope united four thousand years of Jewish history, the theological re-

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formers, in the flush of the cosmopolitanism of the early nineteenth century, had to find some justification for a further separate existence. So they constructed a " mission theory," by virtue of which the Jew was to act as a missionary to his fellow citizens and therefore the dispersion was interpreted to be a blessing and a state to be made permanent. This scheme is a perversion of Jewish history, for in thirty-five centuries there never arose a party that rejected Palestine as a fact or as a hope and yet survived. Time, the deadly foe of all error, has, in fifty years, shown the unreality of this excuse for a further separate existence of the Jewish people. So far from justifying a separate existence of the Jewish people, anti-Zionistic Reform Judaism has convincingly proven the logic and inevitableness of its disappearance, for, contrary to its intended aim, it has succeeded in cutting off from the Jewish people some of its finest families as the history of the Reform movement testifies.

History cannot furnish a single example of a people scattered among many others that has maintained its identity. The Jews were an apparent exception to this sociological law. The bonds of religion as an internal influence and the pressure of persecution as an external force, made possible for the Jew a sort of hot-house existence during twenty centuries of an immobile civilization. But formal religion is a weakening institution in a modern life, whose spirituality is universal and transcends geographical, racial or theological limitations. Correspondingly, persecution is lessening its rigors, and, since the beginning of the scientific era, life on this planet, far from remaining rigid, is become accelerated in its mobility. As a result, the Jewish people is rapidly undergoing the normal processes of assimilation, the merging of blood and the amalgamation of culture. It is following its erstwhile Greek and Roman contemporaries into oblivion.

Some anti-Zionists, and they never have been non-Jews —say that this dissolution is a desired consummation. Is it? Let us see. In the international harmony of cultures, each nation plays a distinct part. Eliminate from civilization the contributions of the English, French or German peoples

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and you impoverish it. Because Belgium gave birth to her characteristic literature, it is for the weal of civilization that she be regathered from exile. Because Poland produced her peculiar poetry and music, the world will be enriched, if she is reëstablished. And so, because Israel, on its native soil and as a normal group, bore a Moses, an Isaiah and a Jesus, she should, if restored to her ancestral home, again produce leaders after her own kind to add her nuance to the harmony of the nations.

The intrinsic truth of Zionism may be seen in the fact that alone of all the movements in Jewry it was able, ultimately, to attract every section and party among the Jews, the Orthodox, the Conservative, the Reform Jew, the unchurched, nay, even the assimilationist, who believed that the destiny of the Jews lay in his disappearance. Many thoughtful non-Jews, among whom are Charles R. Crane, Norman Hapgood, and Alice Stone Blackwell, in this country, and H. G. Wells, Maxim Gorky and Bjornstjerne Bjornsen, abroad, viewed the matter as a social problem, which it largely is, and have come to the support of the Zionist movement. The Rev. Dr. Alexander Blackstone, an Episcopalian divine, antedated Herzl by several years in advocating the restoration of the Jews to Palestine.

Now, every new thought must fight its way to acceptance. The degree of opposition to it is a measure of its potency. But time is the ally of truth. "The eternal years of God are hers." So, while early Zionists preached against tremendous forces and under penalties which would ordinarily suppress all but those imbued with a great ideal, the last ten years have brought about a great change. When Louis D. Brandeis, who was fighting for justice in industrial relations, and who was all his life aloof from any Jewish interests, approached the problem, he viewed it not with the sentiment born in childhood associations and not with the bias of training, but as a problem of spiritual freedom, of the right of a fallen people again to stand erect with its fellow-peoples. Zionism appealed to him not from within, but from without; not as a personal affection, but as an abstract

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proposition. The winning in 1913 of Brandeis, the advocate of the "square deal" in industry, was the turning-point in the struggle of Zionism for recognition. There had been won, in addition, Nathan Straus, among philanthropists, Julian W. Mack and Hugo Pam, of the bench, Eugene Meyer, Jr., in finance, and Stephen S. Wise and hosts of others in the Reform rabbinate. The tide had turned. Jacob H. Schiff, by reason of his prestige and leadership, was at one time the most damaging foe of Zionism. However, even he recently pinned his faith *in the hopes and aims* of Zionism. It is a tribute to the man that, in his advanced years, he retains the vigor of thought and the freshness of mind which enabled him to perceive the essential soundness of the movement he had been opposing and to re-adjust his views on it. And only yesterday, as it were, Adolph Lewinsohn, whose activities transcend creed, has likewise joined those that see in Zionism a solution to the Jewish question. The only opponents of Zionism left are a diminishing number of the radical rabbis, who, though not old, are of set mind, and with an unworthy consistency refuse to face the facts—the danger of disintegration of the scattered Jewish people in the present world ferment.

IF THE BELGIANS OR POLES WERE DISPERSED

"Well," says the man in the street, "how does the matter affect me?" To this extent. If the Belgians or Poles were scattered from their ancestral hearths, they, too, would strive to maintain their group life. They, too, would become sensitive to criticism, self-conscious, proud of their past. They, too, would refuse to give up their identity among all the peoples in whose midst they were scattered, and they, too, would constitute a series of international irritations—problems to perplex statesmen and sociologists. And in this state of dispersion, there would form in their midst three parties—the assimilation party, the *status quo* party and the restoration party.

The assimilants, ever aware of the social maladjustments, would have the century-old struggle for survival end.

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by themselves disappearing as a people. This is a cult of cowardice and a program of flight from battle. Yet, even this policy has no significance unless it is carried out by all. But this is absurd, for you cannot expect millions of persons to abandon a tradition and deny a history which at one time was able to mould the life of mankind. Nor will a whole people reject the hope in its future—the prerequisite to social suicide. And here is the fundamental fallacy in the policy of Jewish assimilation. For, if only some advocate the dissolution of the group as the solution of the problem, they seem deserters of a losing cause, which needs their support. They are regarded as renegades by the world at large and by those that remain loyal, whose devotion is thereby intensified. Further, regardless of his own attitude in the matter, the outside world continues to identify the assimilationist Jew with his fellows. He is blamed for their faults, and pays the penalty in common with the rest of the group. Insofar as it affords no relief to the assimilationist and intensifies the loyalty of the great mass of a dispersed people, the policy of partial assimilation defeats its own ends. It is purposeless. It has been tested out, as a solution of the Jewish question, and has proven an eloquent failure.

Again, if the Belgians or Poles were scattered over the face of the earth, and, after centuries of persecution, were sharpened mentally to eke out a livelihood under difficult conditions, they, too, would, with the advent of a more humane era, become economically rooted to their native lands. Now, Prof. Seligman showed that the economic interpretation of history holds even in spiritual affairs. Accordingly, there should then develop a *status quo* group with a theory of living to fit in with the economic status of the established fugitives. Their leaders should, as did anti-Zionistic Rabbis, conveniently construct for them a philosophy to justify their dispersion. In view of the prejudice against them, they also might convince themselves about a destiny of spreading a mission of tolerance to the weak, which would possibly appeal to the original generation that escaped persecution, but not

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to their unscathed children. The subsequent generations would lose their attachment to the history and traditions of the group, and would desert it. In the scattered state, the hypothetical Belgians and Poles would no longer produce leaders and heroic figures, as the Jews have ceased to do so. Their cultural development would end. For a time they might move by the accumulated momentum of previous centuries. But, eventually, they would find themselves spiritual bankrupts and cultural anachronisms. And, reasoning theologically instead of sociologically, many people would overlook the fact that a scattered people is spiritually stagnant, that, at best, it can only preserve itself, and that only a normal group on its soil can generate its inherent and distinctive social values. And, posibly, some romantic and regretful young writer might also ask why some one of the scattered Belgians " is not fired with that spirit which comes into the hearts of men " on their native Flemish soil, to thrill the world with a message of Belgian ideals.

And, finally, the hypothetical dispersed Belgians or Poles might develop a third party—the restorationists. In part, they might be idealists, who loved the history and traditions of a once-free Belgium. In part, they might be the persecuted Belgians or Poles in some benighted lands. Or they might even be righteous men and women, whether Belgian or not, who viewed the problem as one of social freedom or of the liberty of a repressed group. Then there might appear the scientist, to analyze the problem as one of an abnormal type in sociology, and to show that all the difficulties of the dispersed Belgians and Poles, the social maladjustments and the international irritations were due not to differences in belief, but to the attempt of a people to persist in a permanently scattered state, indeed, were due to the lack of a center and of a home.

This sociologist might show how all the parties, the assimilants, the *status quo* section, as well as the restorationists, would benefit by the reëstablishment of an unfettered community in their ancient home in Belgium or Poland. The restorationists among the Jews are the Zionists. They de-

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sire the rehabilitation of Palestine as a self-renewing and inexhaustible reservoir of Jewish life. This community could and would assume the responsibility of saving the people from dissolution. The non-Palestinian Jew could then merge, if he so chose, with any new social group, as completely as does the expatriated Dane or Swiss. Zionism would solve the assimilationist's problem, for it would relieve him of the " back pressure " which now identifies him with his people and prevents his assimilation. The assimilationist Jew will under Zionism be an expatriate without the stigma of deserting a losing cause, for it will then no longer need his support.

For the status quo Jew, living in the present scattered state, who may want to maintain his historic connections, the center in Palestine, with its newly-developing normal life, will invigorate the spent spiritual forces of Jewish life elsewhere. The status quo Jew may be the member of a free spiritual empire. Just as the Briton, " overseas," carried the English idea to the farthest corner of the globe, and in return brought back to his island home that broad tolerance for foreign cultures that has made England the world's colonizer, so also the Jew " overseas " might be consuls of the spirit. He might justify his further scattered existence if he could exchange the products of a reinvigorated people in Palestine for all the cultural wealth of the nations to their mutual benefit. Further, a center in Palestine would serve as a potential alternative, the existence of which would create self-confidence and poise, the absence of which traits constitutes the common defect of the Jewish psychology to-day. Zionism will take the non-Palestinian Jew out of the class of social anomalies, and put him on a basis similar to that of the Swiss or the Dane, residing abroad, who lives unnoticed among all peoples and is never singled out either for blame or praise.

To the Palestinian Jew, nay, to the Jewish people, Zionism means the restoration to a free environment, with latitude for the development of any race endowments it may possess. To the progress of man it means the adding of

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another instrument to enrich, be it by ever so little, the cultural harmony of the nations. To the nations of the world it means the opportunity for atoning in one generous moment for the wrongs inflicted upon an unfortunate people for twenty centuries.

To us, as Americans, Zionism means the expression on the shores of the Mediterranean of the American spirit of fair play, of liberty for men and for nations. As the American chart of government inspired the leaders of the Latin-American republics, and guided the founders of the Commonwealth of Australia, so also the torch of civilization, burning so brightly on this hemisphere, may yet lend its light to the restored commonwealth at the junction of three continents. The Hebraic spirit of democracy was realized by the Puritans in our federation of states. Enriched by the genius of a great free people, the American idea may reinspire the cradle whence civilization sprung.

The great war, admittedly conceived in economic rivalries, has, however, taken on a higher aspect. It has stirred deep into the springs of human progress. A democracy, not only of individuals, but of groups and of nations, is the destiny toward which the struggle seems to be pointing, with statesmen as the pawns of a Higher Power. We may think Benjamin Franklin out of date, because he saw the finger of Providence in our Revolution. But that is the fault rather of our modern scientific spirit carried to an extreme. Our vision is narrowed to the field of the microscope. To many of us, however, there is something superhuman in the events that are shaping themselves under our near-sighted eyes. Time is fulfilling prophesy. In an off-corner of the stage, on which this mighty world drama is acting itself out, there is the Jewish people, just liberated in Russia, but about to be saved from the extinction that has been the counterpart of Jewish emancipation, by the "remnant that will return" to the land of its fathers. The world may well join in the ancient prayer, "May it come speedily in our days."

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FROM DUST-RAG TO BUYER'S DESK

(THE STORY OF A WORKING GIRL)

By Herself

I AM one of the class designated as working girls. "Poor" working girls, society women call us, when contemplating a strictly moral entertainment for us and burrowing into our life stories. It's great dope for them. They can give interviews to newspapers telling of the temptations of hall-room life—splendid, sob stuff to get their names —and incidentally their photographs, in stunning costumes, —into the paper. Of course, they think we are human, after a fashion. They even shake hands with us, through kid gloves, if a newspaper photographer is present.

Yet the same social posers will abuse girls at the counter, or neglect their shopping until the rush hour, and leave a frazzled-out girl with a mussy pile of goods to clean up at closing time. I don't write to complain. That is not my idea of giving the working girl's case. I just want to show that *a girl who has energy, ability, and straightforwardness can succeed.* Such a girl does not need to accept charity from "uplifters," and she is not dependent on the favor of designing men.

We have been staged as "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model," beset with unscrupulous males; but as a matter of fact temptations are no greater in business than in private life—certainly much less than in idleness. Opportunities for advancement are plentiful. Industry, study of one's business, and faithfulness will bring them.

My salary is $10,000 a year. I started at $4 a week when I was sixteen, and now I am twenty-eight. I never have accepted a favor that did not come through hard work and merit.

My father is a tailor. He was trying to support a wife and six children on $10 a week. It was in San Francisco, a year and a half before the earthquake. We lived in three

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rooms on the top floor of a warehouse in the Mission district. The rent took one week's wages every month. Mother intended me for a teacher, and looked forward to the time when I should earn twice as much as my father. The week I entered high school two things happened—my father pricked his finger with an infected needle, and the stork brought a seventh baby. Father did not use a needle again for six months. His hand and arm swelled, and only long and expensive medical care saved him. Mother was up in a week and obtained sewing to do at home; but there was a gap between her earnings and the expenses, and the doctor's bill was still to be paid. Reluctantly, she sent me to find work.

"I don't like to have you do it, Bessie," she said. "I wanted you to get an education, and I hear such dreadful things about girls in the stores. But my fingers are worn to the bone. Be good and work hard, and maybe it won't be forever."

I remember the morning well. There was a mist driving in from the bay as I walked to a great department store in Market Street to answer a "help wanted" advertisement. I was small for my age and timid. The employment agent looked at me shrewdly when I told him I was sixteen.

Right at that employment desk, I changed my opinion on one point regarding a working girl's life. It was not always beset with snares. This man had great power over the fortunes of girls; yet he was no melodrama villain. In place of a leer, his face had a mature, kindly look. I believe he had daughters of his own. He asked about my home and schooling, and took down the address for verification. Then he sent me to the chinaware department. I was set dusting shelves and dishes at $4 a week. The superintendent was a woman who had risen from cash-girl. She inspired dread, but later I learned that she was fair and took a kindly interest toward those under her.

"You can set one thing down right here," she warned as I took up duster and cloth and approached the shelves. "Every little butter-dish in this store is accounted for. There's not going to be any missing, either from knocking

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them off the shelves or——" she reached toward a twelve-inch soup tureen as if to hide it under her tiny apron. "If there is, you go home—provided you have one."

I was hurt at the implied suspicion and thoroughly frightened. Those piles of dishes looked so topply and so fragile. I handled that cheap ironstone-ware as if it were priceless. Once that day I thought I saw her smile at me. My nervousness wore off, but I never relaxed my industry from eight-thirty in the morning until five-thirty at night, except at lunch-hour. After a few days I began to get little tokens of approval.

The chinaware department occupied nearly all the basement. In a room in the center was the jarring power-plant, and along two walls were elevators whose motors clanked every time the power was turned on and off. There were whirring, clicking cash-carriers and big truck-loads of crockery and china moving back and forth. The basement air defied ventilation systems. It was a noisy, stuffy, crowded, wearing place. There were nearly a hundred workers, besides the customers. There was the superintendent, a dozen floor-walkers, a small army of clerks with a little bundle-wrapper for every two or three counters, looking like a sentinel in her cage. At the lowest station in this small world was myself. Half a dozen floors held just such turmoil, where a tiny black-haired girl in black skirt and white waist and apron was as insignificant as I was there.

I wondered how dusting-girls and bundle-wrappers rose to be clerks, and whether there ever would be a chance for me. My superintendent's world seemed beyond aspiration and I knew that there were others still above her. At first I hoped to go back to school and fulfill my mother's wish by becoming a teacher. *Then my mind formed an ambition to rise in this store business.*

The store had a large recreation room on an upper floor where the girls could eat their lunches and get hot coffee or tea. We formed little eating clubs and divided the contents of our packages. I came to know many of the girls.

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Most of them, I found, intended to get married as soon as possible. The store did not permit flirting, but there was always a string of boys waiting around the corner from the employes' entrance at closing time. Sometimes clerks came in listless after a late dance. Those who wore engagement rings were often careless about their duties. Once the superintendent stopped to chat with me at my work.

"I hope you're not going to 'get married soon,' Bessie," she said, laughingly. I was the smallest girl in the department, and my youth was a standing joke.

"It's all right," she added. "It's what girls should do. But they certainly neglect their work while it's coming on."

I gravely assured her that I should never, never marry. She smiled again, "Then we'll make something of you," and she turned away.

One of the girls in my lunch club told me the secret of the price-code, and after that I studied wares and prices, and made up my mind I would find out why the clerks tried to sell certain goods rather than others that appealed first to customers. I wanted a counter. They gave me a brief chance during the Christmas rush. I was put in charge of a little table in an aisle, with salt-cellars and pepper-shakers at ten and fifteen cents apiece.

I put on a fresh, clean waist that first morning, scrubbed my face until it was pink and spent half an hour doing my hair. It was an important event. Business was slow for the first hour or two. Then the crowds commenced to surge around the other counters and customers drifted toward me. I had spent all my spare time studying my stock and fingering my sales book to get the knack of the carbon slips. When I got my first little rush, it flustered me and I forgot about my stock. Some of my sales slips came back for correction and one or two women made sneering remarks about service. I was glad to rush to the recreation room for a half-hour's nooning. The girl who had explained the price code noticed my worry.

"Don't let them bother you," she said. "Women are like that. I'll bet those folks that put on airs are in debt to

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the grocer." She cheered me and the afternoon was easier. The next day I dressed as carefully as before and went at my work in a businesslike way. The day's sales amounted to fifty dollars. I remembered my wares, and practised setting something a little better beside the dishes a customer was examining. This is a knack. It doesn't do to force higher-priced goods, but there is a way to make a customer see the contrast in value and minimize the difference in price.

In my odd moments, I was continually running up and down the sales record, which is entered on the cover of the book. It was several days before I could keep my figures tallying.

This book had a special number, indicating that I was only an extra clerk. Being "given her book" is a great event in the career of a store girl. It means that she has a permanent number and is removed from the grade of cash-girl or helper. It puts her in a different wage schedule, but the sense of promotion amounts to more. I was eager to be "given my book."

The girl who had befriended me most, was to be married in January. She had the cream-pitcher counter. I hoped they would give me her place, but they brought a clerk from another department and sent me back to my dust-cloth. I protested to the superintendent.

"Mrs. Gray, why couldn't I have it," I demanded.

"You're too young, child," she said. That night I let my skirt down three inches and appeared the next day with my braids coiled on top of my head. Mrs. Gray suppressed her smile with a handkerchief. Soon I "got my book." I wanted to take it home to show mother, but contented myself with bringing her to the store to see me selling china match-safes. She had been suspicious of handsome floor-walkers. Ours was sixty years old. She went away relieved. As a matter of fact, temptation of the kind she feared never came my way all the time I was in the store. Sometimes a giddy girl would make eyes at one of the men clerks; but more impropriety might occur at any school. Modern store supervision includes adequate protection for girl employes—

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and the managers don't get their pictures in the society papers as uplifters, either.

As salesgirl I started with $8 a week, which wasn't a bad advance for five months. I was shifted to bread- and milk-sets and then to cheaper dinner-sets. Here I came in touch with middle-class customers, wives of workingmen, and sometimes an economical bride. I liked them better than the fashionable people who would spend half an hour toying with the salt-cellars. I encouraged them to buy a trifle better than they had intended, but avoided the mistake that many clerks make of trying to force customers beyond their means. Always I thanked them with a smile, no matter how disappointing the sale, or how tired I was. They liked to come back. *My sales often ran over* $100 *a day. That's why the superintendent advanced me to* $10 *a week.*

When I was dusting-girl, my mind never went beyond the sales counters. I knew there must be much more to the system. Going to and from work I would see the drays unloading crates and barrels, and on another side of the store were the delivery wagons taking out purchases. Once or twice on an errand I had passed the rows of offices on the third floor, and could see, beyond an anteroom, the door of the all-powerful manager's office; but the system that kept all these things moving was beyond any imagination. As a salesgirl, however, I commenced to see a little way into the great store-world. My first medium was the stock clerk, an assistant of the china buyer, who came around periodically to check up shortages and requirements. We were supposed to keep a note of goods running short. Many of the girls neglected to do so. Being new and ambitious, I was careful of my stock book.

"I like to come to your counter, Miss Harrison," he told me—"Bessie" went with the dust-cloth. "Most of these girls have me tearing my hair. I have to take an inventory every time I look over their shelves. If I didn't lose so much time with them, I'd be a buyer by now."

"Do buyers make much money?"

"Do they? Just ask me. And a trip to New York

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twice a year and London and Paris once in a while. But not for me. They think I'm slow because I have to do the work of shiftless clerks."

I had never been beyond Oakland; and I wanted to be a buyer!

"Mr. Brown," I told the stock clerk one day, "I think we'd better have some low-priced gilt band dishes."

"Aren't the white and colored ones good enough for the Mission district?" My people had moved to a better neighborhood toward Golden Gate park, but I was sensitive and loyal to the old neighborhood.

"They're entitled to just as good as their money will buy," I rejoined, "and if they want gilt band dishes, they ought to have them."

The next order included two hundred sets of gilt band. They were a trifle higher priced, but they attracted women who had not dreamed of affording such luxuries. I rather think that the order from our store attracted the jobbers' attention, because soon afterward the wholesale price was advanced $3 a set, on the excuse of a larger demand. Two or three months later the china buyer sent for me.

"You saved us $500 on those gilt bands and put us ahead of the market besides," he said. "What do you know about selecting stock?"

"Nothing," I replied. "I saw the women looking at the higher-priced goods, and thought they'd be pleased with something like them."

"That's the main thing in buying," he said. "How would you like to come into my department?"

The earthquake occurred a few days later and disorganized business worse than it did our basement stock of breakables. In the low shack where we reopened after three or four weeks, I was glad enough to be kept as a clerk without any thought of promotion. I saw some of the rich women who had annoyed me at the knick-knack table buying cheap dishes to resume housekeeping. The fire had taken all they had. It was a month before the china buyer sent for me

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again. The firm was preparing to rebuild and he wanted to get his order list made up early, as many goods must come from France.

In that little box of an office on Van Ness avenue, with a ruined city in sight from the window, I commenced to learn more about business and human nature than I ever had dreamed of. I did not deal with the traveling men direct and should scarcely have seen them but for the makeshift quarters. As it was, I learned to study them. Some of the veterans from old houses were frank and courteous. Others were blustery or too sleek and I suspected an attempt to "put one over" on the firm. My superior was one of the best buyers in San Francisco and it was a pleasure to watch him weeding out proposed orders, forcing discounts and detecting unsuitable patterns.

One new salesmen for an old house booked a large order. As he passed out, he stopped at my desk and made a conventional remark about the fire. Then he asked me if I wanted to go to the theater. There wasn't any theater and the invitation was only a joke, but I didn't like his manner. When he was gone I turned to Mr. Edelson.

"I'd look out for that man," I said.

"Why? We've dealt with that firm for years. I know the senior partner. He's so straight he leans backward."

"But I don't like the man. There's something wrong with a firm that would send out a salesman like him. I wish you'd investigate that order before it goes through."

Mr. Edelson laughed at me, but after office hours he went through a file of the trade magazine. He found that the senior partner had retired and the firm had been reorganized. Then he scanned the price list again and found that an A-star grade had been added and the other gradings dropped. He had ordered "A" goods. What he stood to receive at the price was "B." He canceled the order. It was pure intuition on my part, but Mr. Edelson remembered it and advanced me at the first opportunity.

I remained with Mr. Edelson three years and was promoted gradually to first assistant with a salary of $40.

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Our family moved to the geranium-hedged heights of Berkeley across the bay, and I helped my father establish a little business of his own. I learned a great deal about business. There were many things that served as a barometer to the market. I had absorbed some of them at the counter—the gilt band dinner-set order was an example. Then there were many ins and outs to dealing with wholesale houses. Often a jobber was secretly anxious to unload. It was the buyer's business to know this, for it enabled him to get a discount and make it worth while to increase an order. The Chinese and Japanese salesmen tried to sell "real Oriental" goods that were designed in East Liverpool, Ohio. The Yankees were no more scrupulous. Mr. Edelson used good California common sense, backed by years of experience, but he came to depend on me for the final test. We established a little signal. When I laid my pencil down with the rubber tip toward me, he told the traveling man to wait, and we went through the "dope."

Salesmen sometimes brought me flowers and candy. Occasionally one would invite me to luncheon. Mother had schooled me to rigid conduct and I followed her training with daily admonitions. Her teaching was academic, one might say. It was good and I adhered to it in principle, but in practice one must learn tact. Most men are gentlemen. An independent girl can keep them in their place.

Mr. Edelson was a master in his line, and I could not see my way to further promotion, because he could have the position as long as he wanted it. My work was mostly in the store with occasional visits to local importers' warehouses. I wanted the pleasure and experience of travel. I commenced to covet Mr. Edelson's job, which is against the tenth commandment.

One day the general manager came to my desk.

"How would you like to be a buyer?" he asked.

I shrugged my shoulder, which being decoded, read "Fine chance."

"Mr. Edelson will never, never die," I amplified; "and I can't really say I want him to, much as I want the job."

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"How about art needlework?"

"How about ancient Chinese inscriptions? Do you know, Mr. Jameson, in all my young life I never have made an inch of tatting, embroidered an art square or crocheted a baby's wristlet? I wouldn't know a feather stitch from a French knot, or floss from cambric."

"There are assistants who know all that," he told me. "You know business methods and store policies. You know people and you know when to buy and when not to overload. Miss Kramer, the art needlework buyer, will leave in two months to be married. You'll spend your time with her till then and she'll take you on one New York trip, much as she hates to go. Your salary will begin at $4,000."

Two years after entering the new department, I was thrown out by a protracted siege of sickness and the firm was not able to fill my place without giving the newcomer a long contract. I faced returning in a strange position. While I was dreading it, a large specialty importing house offered me a place as foreign buyer on art needlework.

My salary now is fifty times what it was when I entered the department store that morning twelve years ago. I own the home we live in, and have been able to help my parents and brothers and sisters. I spend several weeks abroad every year. I am still young enough to marry should I wish. My career is not phenomenal. I have known a number of other girls who have come up as rapidly and gone even farther.

One evening last fall, when I was sitting on the veranda looking across the bay at the mellow radiance of the Exposition, a limousine stopped at the door and a fashionably dressed woman came up the walk. She was chairman of the shop-girls' uplift committee of a San Francisco woman's club.

"I came to ask you, as one who has had experience," she said, "what is the best thing we can do to help those poor young things in the midst of all their temptations?"

"*Shop early and let them alone outside!*" I said.

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AN UNCONSIDERED ASPECT OF LIFE

LE ROY JEFFERS, F.R.G.S.

IT is the common experience of all who have given it their attention, that many animals with whom we are associated respond not only to our words but likewise to our thoughts. Especially is this true if we are gentle in our dealing with them, for kindness is a language universally understood. Browning thus voices this sense of companionship with nature:

> "Overhead the tree-tops meet,
> Flowers and grass spring 'neath one's feet;
> There was naught above me, naught below,
> My childhood had not learned to know:
> For, what are the voices of birds
> —Ay, and of beasts,—but words, our words,
> Only so much more sweet?"

In a book by Oskar Pfungst entitled, Clever Hans, published by Holt in 1911, a lengthy study is made of one of the famous Elberfeld horses. Many men of prominence and commissions of scientific experts visited Herr Von Osten and rigidly investigated his methods and the marvelous achievements of his horse. Briefly, the facts are as follows. Von Osten tried the experiment of teaching his horse an alphabet constructed somewhat after the method of the Morse code. With patient work, and the inducement of carrots, of which the horse was particularly fond, he taught this heretofore dumb animal how to speak by tapping his right forefoot on a board a given number of times for each letter. Movements of the head were also used to assist in communication.

To spell words whether spoken or written on the blackboard was a matter of a comparatively short time, for the horse had keen hearing and remarkable vision. Of his own accord Clever Hans adopted a phonetic spelling, possibly in order to shorten his work in tapping out the letters. After a time he was reading sentences and answering questions

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with a readiness that dumfounded his learned investigators, for he made instant application of what he heard to the subject under discussion. He displayed what was apparently a marked musical ability, and seemed able to recognize a person from having seen his photograph.

From the first Clever Hans learned numbers, and it was not long before he was correctly solving almost instantaneously oral and written problems in cube root, the solutions of which were unknown to his master or to any one else present, and which often took the professors many minutes to work out. This appeared to be largely a subjective process on the part of the horse, just as has been found to be the case with human mathematical prodigies who have been deficient in intellectual capacity. In fact, whenever the growing intelligence of the horse intruded, as it were, and he attempted to think out the problem, he faltered and gave an incorrect answer.

To eliminate trickery as an explanation, Von Osten willingly allowed strangers to question the horse in his absence, and it was conclusively demonstrated that Clever Hans was not dependent on any given person. It will readily be seen that here was presented a psychological problem that threatened to overturn much in ordinary belief. If these things are possible in one horse they are logically possible in any other horse, and such was proven to be the case with other horses who responded in like manner. That these faculties were not confined to horses was proven by dogs who have developed somewhat similar abilities. But the great question debated among European psychologists was whether conceptional thinking was proven to be a fact with animals. Hitherto man had religiously claimed that his alone was the right of intellectual reasoning. As the case stood, some of them admitted that the horse lacked only spoken language to equal apparently the development of a fourteen-year-old child.

Among the investigators was Oskar Pfungst, a man of scientific training along certain lines. Patiently he studied Clever Hans, experimenting and analyzing the results that he and others produced. Finally he adopted a premise by

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which he attempted to explain the phenomena. It was that of unconscious movement on the part of the person who did the questioning. The horse was shown to keep on tapping until the man made a conscious or unconscious movement of the head or body, indicating that the correct number of taps had been reached. Then the horse would stop and proceed with the next letter or number. These movements on the part of the man were usually imperceptible to onlookers, being less than a millimeter in extent, but to the horse was attributed a keenness of vision that made him a muscle-reader of the first order. Pfungst published his book, and scientific Germany rejoiced, for had he not explained away the necessity of their facing a new conception of life and of its relation to the Creator and to themselves? From interest in Von Osten all turned to ridicule, and he died of a broken heart.

But scientists were not long to rest complacent with this explanation, for Von Osten had left his horses to Karl Krall of Elberfeld. In 1912, Herr Krall published a book in Leipsic entitled "Denkende Tiere" which gives his experiments in detail together with many interesting photographs illustrative of his methods. Like the work of Von Osten that of Krall was violently assailed, but Claparède conducted mathematical tests with the horses in 1912 and 1913 which showed a greater per cent. of correct answers than could be fairly attributed to the probabilities of chance or the collusion of those present. In the investigation of the audible and written forms of psychic phenomena by competent scientists, there is an irreducible minimum which cannot be rationally explained on materialistic or telepathic hypotheses. Likewise in the replies of these animals there is found that which strains to the breaking point the usual theories of animal psychology. In 1914, Dodd Mead published "The Unknown Guest," by Maurice Maeterlinck, in which the Belgian philosopher devoted an intensely interesting chapter to his visit to the Elberfeld horses. While his was not a scientific investigation, it is of value from a philosophical point of view. In substance his account is as follows:

Since Von Osten's death, Herr Krall had purchased

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numerous other horses and was developing them in a way that seemed to eliminate Herr Pfungst's hypothesis as a complete explanation. Pfungst had depended on the horses seeing the one who questioned him, or some one who knew the answer to the question, so that Clever Hans could rely on their unconscious movements. Krall stood behind his horses, or in another room, or blindfolded them, yet they responded with the same degree of accuracy.

To obtain a successful response from Clever Hans, Von Osten and Pfungst had used a definite act of will, concentrating on an inward " Thou shalt " which they spoke, as it were, to the horse. Pfungst showed that the horse followed the ideas of the questioner's mind, rather than his audible words, because the movements of head and body originated directly from the thought of the person rather than from the words that he uttered. It is easy for us, however, to see that the horse might be telepathically aware of the answer before he could read it in the movements of the man. This would offer a possible explanation of the way in which Krall's horses gave correct responses when no person was visible to them. But this theory involves a conscious or unconscious knowledge of the answer on the part of the man. So Maeterlinck, who is utterly ignorant of cube root, never having studied it, asks to be left alone with a horse while he copies a problem on the blackboard. The horse immediately gives an answer which is afterward verified as correct. This test was many times repeated with large numbers and with satisfactory results. Again, with Krall present, Maeterlinck gives a number as the figures occur to him, but the horse pauses and refuses to answer although his master tries to compel him to do so. It is then found that the problem is impossible of solution, for the number proves not to be a cube.

In teaching the horse his alphabet, he is treated with the same patience that would be shown to a child; but, unlike the child, once he has grasped our meaning, his progress is astonishingly rapid. After the initial steps in which his intelligence is awakened, the world of language and ideas seems to dawn upon him, and he appears to understand a

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multitude of words which have not been taught him. Maeterlinck reports that the awakened horses make original observations, sometimes telling their master in the morning of the little happenings of the stable. One day Zarif suddenly stopped midway of his lesson and, when asked for the reason, he replied, "Because I am tired." Another time, he replied, "Pain in my leg." An attempt was made to teach Muhammed how to talk. After earnest effort the horse stops and in his phonetic spelling declares through his foot on the spring board, "I have not a good voice." They explain to him that he must separate his jaws in order to speak, and they inquire if he understands. He replies with his foot, "Open mouth." They ask, "Why don't you open yours?" He answers, "Because I can't." A few days later Zarif is asked why he does not reply with his mouth, and he explains, "Because I have no voice."

We may refer to the horse's mathematical ability as a subliminal activity, and not a reasoning process; but what are these independent remarks but conceptual thinking? Evidence of an esssential resemblance between human and animal mind accumulated, and the observers were forced to readjust their views as to the nature and limitations of animal consciousness. Are we to find that primarily we have not given the horse the ability to think, but that we are teaching him how to express his ideas to human beings? If, in time, these experiments lead to the education of certain animals toward a larger life, in order to increase their efficiency for service to man, will such relations not include a moral and spiritual responsibility on our part? Shall we not co-operate in the Divine plan which the prophets of all ages have seen, and, training them in right courses of thinking and acting, look forward to the time when "the lion shall lie down with the lamb?"

Another aspect of this new problem of human and animal relationship is that of the common right to live. It is already evident to many that parents do not create a human being, but that they are merely instrumental in clothing a spiritual personality with visible bodily form. Is it not like-

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wise perfectly evident that depriving another of his body in no way puts an end to the life of his spirit, which is his real life? On whose authority may we wantonly deprive any form of God's creation of its right to embodiment? Can anyone have watched the slaughter of animals at a packing house without wondering how long custom and habit will continue to demand this sacrifice? In the light of our new relations to animal life may not a meatless diet eventually become preferable to many?

Is not our lack of perception of spiritual things due to our lack of real education? Can any amount of observation of the outward phenomena of life reveal to us the springs of life? Unless channels of thought, through which we may perceive the reality of God and of the spiritual world, are created and kept open in our hearts, life will have for us a merely superficial aspect. In the deeper regions of the spirit telepathy, or thought communication, is as much a fact of constant and ordinary experience as is conversation; but we are outwardly unconscious of this because of the hardness of our hearts. Whenever a person is awakened to the spiritual universe about him, he realizes that all life both here and hereafter is bound together in a common origin, and is united in an unceasing communion of life, of thought, and of ultimate purpose. Love is the key that opens all the mysteries of the invisible, and willful injury to anything in God's creation, whether it be a fellow man, an animal, or a flower, is injury to the Creator himself. Hand in hand with the prophet of old we cry out an awakening, "Against Thee, and Thee only, have I sinned."

> "God's in his heaven
> All's right with the world!"

People have thought of God as in heaven, distant from earth as it were starting the world and his children like clockwork destined to run for a time—and no more. Against this mechanistic theory of life the whole experience and teaching of Jesus Christ is opposed. He saw the immanence of God in his creation, not in a pantheistic sense, depriving God of

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personality, but in the highest personal degree as a living spirit present in this world, working each instant in and through his creation. So "God's in his heaven" means neither above nor below, but right in the midst of humanity, wherever we are living. God's unchanging purpose through the ages lives, that man awaken to his Father here and now.

> "All service ranks the same with God:
> If now, . . his presence fills
> Our earth, each only as God wills
> Can work — God's puppets, best and worst,
> Are we; there is no last nor first.
>
> Say not 'a small event'; why 'small'?
> A 'great event,' should come to pass?
> . . . Untwine me from the mass
> Of deeds which make up life, one deed
> Power shall fall short in or exceed."

To how many is it a reality that all genuine service ranks the same with God? Yet not until this becomes our own experience, are we really brothers and sisters. No matter what our occupation, if our best is offered to God as well as to man, spiritual recompense is certain. Eventually the day must come when all things will be measured in the sight of God.

Does the fact of the Father's presence seem to refute that freedom of will which is the right of every individual? Not so! for we are his puppets only when we are self-willed children. It is then that we move only within a given circle, for evil, which is mistaken action of any sort, is its own limitation. Departure from God's way of thinking and of acting in any direction inevitably leads to that which is unsatisfactory. We allow the child who has not learned the rules of life to find by experience those which are satisfying. But we leave him to himself only up to a certain point, for when he plays with a hot stove, we may let him touch it, but we restrain him if he is about to fall upon it. So God in infinite love prevents permanent injury to our personalities. Only as we live in harmony with our Father's thoughts and actions

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can we safely explore the unknown about us. Our most serious limitations are self-limitations, and we shall find that the problem of all mastery is solved only in self-mastery.

"Say not a small event!" Back of every outward act of the individual is his thought. Analyze any thought of the heart in the sight of God, and perceive that it is either good or evil, that it is right and true, leading to that which is satisfying; or that it is false and mistaken, leading to that from which one will finally cry out for deliverance. Every thought is of God, or it is not. Viewed in the light of reality, the most obscure event, the most hidden thought, may be eternal in its significance.

"Untwine me from the mass of deeds which make up life." Do not our souls cry out under the deadening routine of life for deliverance from the bondage of our oppressors? Freedom of spirit is the birthright of everyone. Let us rise to that realm of consciousness in which we are aware of the living God. Let us realize that we are His children not merely in theory, but in experience.

"One deed, power shall fall short in, or exceed!" When a person struggles alone to accomplish his heart's desire, how difficult is its attainment, how trivial its fulfillment! But let one put himself in line with the purposes and the power of the Infinite by surrendering his will to God's will, and there is nothing which he may not eventually accomplish. In the former case our power falls short; in the latter, God's power exceeds our need.

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WHAT THE WORLD OWES TO SPINSTERS

MARY A. DOUGLAS

TO the average woman, the intensive industry of matrimony, under its present charter laws, leaves small room for the consideration of mere humanity. The business of looking after a man and his progeny is a solemn one, requiring time, energy, and a fair degree of tact. The business of being looked after by a man is even more serious, calling for all the talents of a highly specialized type of woman.

Roughly classified, there are three varieties of married women. There is the woman centered in husband and children, revolving in an orderly orbit around the pivot of her home. The beginning of her life vocation was the bringing of these children into the world—in itself no light undertaking. Then in bewildering succession comes all the unholy catalogue of children's diseases and accidents and liabilities. So the active years go on, through the successive stages of childhood and into the peculiar unfledged state of adolescence, and still there is no surcease. There never will be. They are her children.

The daily routine of caring for a home and family, like the time-honored brook, goes on forever. The rivaling of her neighbor who has; the putting of envy into the heart of her neighbor who has not; the stretching of a $1200 income over $2000 worth of desires; these are problems in higher mathematics. And hand in hand with home-making and child-rearing goes the training of a husband in the way he should go, which is a mighty serious, nay, arduous undertaking. With the most humane intentions results are not always satisfactory.

And then some day comes that final, rather awesome business of lying down with folded hands—a little weary, a little wrinkled and shop-worn, but at last the hands are folded. What place has there been for humanity? This is

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the particular vocation in which woman has specialized since those historical days when Eve tasted of the apple and tempted that good man Adam.

There is the second class in the married sisterhood: those whose business it is to be looked after by man. Beauty specialists, modistes, bridge, teas, dinners, receptions, limousines, yachts, theatres, operas, travel, fashionable lectures, popular philanthropy—all the varied activities of the center of the universe. Oh, it's a hard job, this being looked after by a man! But why dwell upon these finished products of a fine-spun fabric of civilization? They and humanity have yet to meet.

In the third class are those with a fair income, a widening horizon, a reasonable number of children, whose brains are nourished with blood from the heart. They give of themselves not only in the home but without. Their hands are ever ready to reach out in the clasp of sympathy and practical assistance. For such let humanity give thanks.

Which brings us to the spinster. Unhampered by the responsibility of a husband; giving to the world no hostage of children—what has she contributed to the human quota? As she has lost in intensiveness, what has she gained in extensiveness? And what has humanity gained?

As those within the guild of marriage differ, so in the unmarried sisterhood there are spinsters—and yet spinsters. There is the ingrown species, feeding upon herself and growing meager in soul and mind and body upon so sparse a diet. It is not of her that we speak.

There is another type, indigenous perhaps to the soil wherein flourished our grandmothers and great aunts, but by no means so nearly extinct as naturalists would lead us to believe. In stray nooks and corners she can still be found. This is the gentle, unassuming, useful spinster; the woman of soft shy words and many deeds. Disrespectfully called by her sister who bears the name of a more or less questionable male specimen, "That old maid," she is dependable in stress and strain. Taking into her pale life no reflected brilliancy, she passes; and the faint ripple of her tranquil

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existence is lost to sight. But who knows? This that we name Life is but the one side of a very intricate tapestry woven of many threads by many hands.

In this type are all the latent possibilities of the spinster who plays so important a part in modern life; of the spinster who has made and still is making history. It is of her we speak.

In the long-distant past there lived one of this number, beautiful, intelligent and liberal. She taught not only mathematics and science, but was the apostle of liberality, the incarnation of the spirit of freedom. This was Hypatia, of Alexandria. It was the age-old war between religion and science; the battle of enlightment against ignorance—and ignorance won a sanguine victory. Too proud to turn from an infuriated mob of priests and their followers, Hypatia's beautiful body was hacked and hewed and torn and then burned—in the name of religion. Later her works in Alexandria were destroyed by another frenzied rabble, so that to-day the exact nature of her teachings is not known. But, immortalized by Charles Kingsley, her undaunted spirit lives—and in this idealized form who can tell what it has accomplished? What seeds, you ask, have been sown in virgin soil?

There was Elizabeth of England—Elizabeth of the ready tongue and forceful language. With "The Virgin Queen" man was a side issue, a plaything or a victim of the block, as whim dictated. Unhampered by a legal mate, she ruled long and, according to the times and the idiosyncrasies of royalty—gloriously. Perhaps had Elizabeth possessed a lawful husband or two or eight, she would have followed the example of her well-known progenitor and disposed of them in as finished a manner as did Bluff King Hal of Anne Boleyn of the slender neck—and still have ruled gloriously. That we may not know. But this we *do* know: By refusing to marry Philip of Spain, she brought religious harmony into mutilated and bleeding England. At heart non-partisan, while espousing the cause of Protestantism, she cleared away the smoke of the holy fires kindled by Bloody Queen Mary.

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Good advisers, the swinging of the pendulum, fatality, if you choose, may all have played their part in that epoch. Yet Elizabeth's personality stands by itself. And the era in English history which for brilliant achievements in every field stands by itself is forever irrevocably linked with the name of Elizabeth.

"I had three paths among which to choose," wrote Florence Nightingale in her diary for 1850. "I might have been a married woman, a literary woman, or a Hospital Sister." And the world knows which path she followed. The records of her work in the reeking cesspool of Crimea read like a tale of unreality. To the stricken and dying soldiers she was Longfellow's "Lady with the Lamp," tender, compassionate. Countless souls in that inferno of mutilation and pestilence passed out into the night lighted by the gentle radiance of Florence Nigthingale.

All this she was and more, much more—else she had not been Florence Nightingale. For she was that rare species—a balanced human being; in her intellect, will and emotion were co-ordinated. As an organizer, a genius in planning and executing, she stands in the front ranks. From a chaos of filth she evolved order, system, comparative comfort and cleanliness. Food, laundry, medicine, clothing, surgery, government correspondence—no detail was too minute for the personal attention of Florence Nightingale; no undertaking too stupendous. "It's the Bird's duty," observed the gallant gentlemen around the hospitals, who had made such a mess of things. And the duties which the "Bird" did not shirk have made pages in English history.

But invaluable as were Florence Nightingale's services to contemporary England, it was the fruit borne from the seed sown upon an aftermath of carnage which makes the world a heavy debtor to the Spinster of the Crimea. It was Florence Nightingale, well-born, of social standing, a popular heroine, who made nursing fashionable in England. It was the organizer and systematizer of the Crimean hospitals who with the fifty thousand pounds sterling presented to her as a testimonial endowed the first hospital in England wherein

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women could receive professional training in nursing. It was she who devoted the remaining years of her long life to the reformation of hospital conditions in general; who conceived and carried into execution the plan of sending efficient nurses into private families. And again it was Florence Nightingale, the nurse of rare experience, who wrote "Notes on Nursing," a work valuable to-day; invaluable when written.

The waves that she set into motion on that side of the Atlantic have washed against our own shores; they lap on foreign strands—and yet they widen.

And what of that other debt the women of the world owe to Florence Nightingale? The daughter of a refined family, with all the narrowness of refinement, she struggled in a stifling atmosphere for freedom, individuality, the right to live her own life—she struggled—and won. Is there anything which women owe to Florence Nightingale—a voluntary spinster?

In the century that has passed many have toiled with painful steps along the rugged trail blazed by Florence Nightingale—women married and women unmarried. To America belongs Clara Barton, whose name and that of the Red Cross, with all its network of ramifications, are synonymous. As a child she was unassertive, acutely, torturingly shy—for herself; fearless, capable, aggressive, for others—those weaker others. And in the embryo woman is found the keynote of her life work; of her contribution to the cause of humanity.

Clara Barton, aroused to action, by conditions in the Patent Office at Washington, where clerks stole and sold the ideas of inventors seeking government protection, asked for and obtained the position of head clerk. She was received with rudeness, insults, insubordination. But before she left reform was instituted.

It was she who conceived and carried into execution the plan of the actual presence of the nurse upon the field of battle. Bound to no organization, acting solely upon her own initiative, throughout the crimson days of the Civil War,

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Clara Barton and her wagons and supplies followed in the wake of the Union Army. Capable, tireless, fearless, her practical assistance, her knowledge of surgery, her skilled nursing, gave "first aid to the injured." It was also a part of her self-imposed service to keep records of the wounded, dead, and the places of burial. After the war, through these lists and her efforts, over thirty thousand men, living and dead, were accounted for. What did this alone mean? For somewhere were mothers and fathers, wives and sweethearts, to whom these thirty thousand were not simply soldiers among the missing—they were human beings.

It was Clara Barton who after long and persistent effort induced the Government of the United States to join in treaties creating the International Red Cross Society. But an important obstacle stood in the way of the immediate activities of this organization. The United States was not engaged in war; there was no prospect of war. With this situation, the ever active brain of Clara Barton grappled. The result was that in the absence of war, or its shadow, the Red Cross became a scarlet-winged messenger of peace. Where there was flood, famine, pestilence, earthquake, disaster, there the Red Cross worked. And its central station was Clara Barton.

And what of those other heroic pioneers—Doctors Elizabeth and Emily Blackwell? And "heroic" is used advisedly.

Nursing might do for women—it was fairly feminine and genteel and men didn't care much for the job anyway. But medicine—that honorable and hoary and barnacle-encrusted prerogative of MAN. It was to laugh! In addition, the presence of young women in the classes and clinics with young men was—not *nice*. The suggestion outraged all the delicate masculine sensibilities and traditions; it brought the blush of scarlet hue to the coy masculine cheek.

So Elizabeth Blackwell battered with poor success at the doors of various medical colleges, won a reluctant admission to Hobart College at Geneva, New York, and left it Elizabeth Blackwell, M. D. And her sister Emily was a close second.

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To do these things in those good old conservative days required fine, rare courage—the courage of a woman and a spinster.

Those barred doors that Elizabeth Blackwell with frail hands forced open will never close again. Through them have passed and yet pass and still shall pass women—the women of America. This is their heritage, earned for them by the power of brain and will and heart that was Elizabeth Blackwell, physician.

In the days of venerable Rome there lived a matron—by name Calphurnia, by profession an advocate, an eloquent pleader before the tribunals of justice. But Calphurnia's gift of volubility found not favor with man. For it is recorded that because of "her excess of boldness and by reason of making the tribunal resound with howlings not common in the forum," she became unpopular. And so naughty Calphurnia's plaything was taken from her—she was disbarred, and like her erring sister in the beautiful garden the curse fell not only upon her but upon all her descendants—in the female line. Roman law decreed that because of Calphurnia's indiscretion, thereafter no woman might practice law. And as Roman law is a close second in authority to the precepts of the Bible, the silver eloquence of woman's tongue was heard no more in courts of justice for long and silent centuries.

Then the inevitable happened. In 1638 there came to the colonies from England one Margaret Brent, "spinster and gentlewoman," kinswoman of Leonard Calvert, first Governor of Maryland. In 1647 Leonard Calvert, brother to and attorney for Cecilius Calvert, second Lord Baltimore, died, leaving Margaret Brent his sole executrix. On the strength of her appointment as executrix, Mistress Brent also claimed the right to act as attorney for Cecilius Calvert. Both claims were denied. But Margaret Brent, spinster and gentlewoman, fought her claims to a finish—and won both. For it is recorded that the Provincial Court decreed that she "should be received as his L^{ps} attorney." And it is further recorded that she not only frequently appeared in court as

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his L^ps attorney, but also as prosecuting and defending lawyer for her brother, and no objection was raised.

But this is an isolated instance; a pebble that sank with scarce a ripple. Two hundred and a few more years rolled onward and still the curse of Calphurnia of the over-active tongue rested on woman. Then in America, in the middle of the Nineteenth Century, the battle was on.

In 1875, Miss R. Lavinia Goodell, already admitted to the bar of the circuit court, made motion to be admitted to practice law in the Supreme Court of Wisconsin. Motion denied. To quote from the finished language of Mr. Chief Justice Ryan, who delivered the opinion of the honorable court:

"The peculiar qualities of womanhood, its gentle grace, its quick sensibility, its tender susceptibility, its purity, its delicacy, its emotional raptures," were not considered fitting qualification for the Supreme Court of Wisconsin.

But to the contrary, notwithstanding, R. Lavinia Goodell, unmarried, won. A law was enacted, enabling women to practice law in the courts of the State of Wisconsin. Another wedge was entered.

It is difficult to make out a good case for women in the Christian ministry. For in I Corinthians, xv, 34, Paul the Apostle says with authority, "Let your women keep silence in the churches."

And as Paul was not only a man but a saint this nearly settled the whole matter. But not quite. For to-day there are women, regularly ordained, holding pastorates, and preaching the Gospel. Not many, it is true; but those women among the laity who no longer "keep silence" restore the balance. And there had to be a beginning.

The first woman in America to be ordained as a minister of the gospel was Antionette Brown in 1853. Three years before, she had completed the theological course at Oberlin, Ohio, but had been refused a license to preach. Through the intervening years, she preached upon her own account, but in 1853 she was regularly ordained by a circuit of Congregational ministers in Wayne County.

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Antionette Brown later became Antionette Brown Blackwell; but in those days of early marriages a woman born in 1825 and wedded in 1856 can safely be classed in the ranks of spinster. And besides as an argument for the affirmative she is alluring.

This is the third side of the preempted masculine triangle; but the activities of women who have not been invested with the sacred masculine title of the Ancient and Honorable Order of Matrimony have by no means been limited to the pursuit of law, medicine and the pulpit.

Who conceived the plan of a seminary for girls, endowed by free gifts, according to the tradition-hallowed custom for young men? Who, equipped with the clear-cut mentality of a leader and organizer, made this creation of the brain an embodied actuality? Who, with tireless energy, scurried hither and thither throughout conservative New England, begging contributions, accepting any sum from one hundred dollars to six cents, for a thankless and apparently a hopeless cause?

Mary Lyon has long been dead, but Mt. Holyoke, and all that this creation of her soul and mind stands for, lives.

From the brain of a little farm girl, paying for her first tuition in a coverlid, spun, woven and dyed by her own hands, seeing as she went on the necessity of vital education for middle-class girls, came the inception of the system of modern education for women.

"If you want to have a polished education, have a good foundation. You will find it hard to polish a piece of sponge; but not to polish steel," was one of Mary Lyon's precepts. And to the securing of good foundations she gave her life. Wedded to the institution which she founded; mother to every girl who came within its walls; akin to all the world of mind and soul-starved women—this was Mary Lyon. She lived; she served; she died prematurely, exhausted by her service. Somewhere there is a debt.

We are familiar to-day with the organized and evolved system of State Hospitals for the Insane throughout the country. But what do we know of Dorothea Lynde Dix?

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Of the life blood that she gave in behalf of that great fraternity of the sick and wounded in mind and soul? What actual information do we of this young and sufficient century possess regarding her tireless years of effort to ameliorate conditions for that other member of the soul-sick brotherhood—those who drag out their years within prison walls?

Many years have passed since 1837; but the record of Dorothea Dix's years of devotion and struggle are as important a page as history has ever written. A page that should be reread. For to-day, with all our boasted progress, the entire net work of our prisons, even our institutions for those whom society acknowledges to be of diseased mind, are a canker eating into the heart of the community. So long as they exist, civilization, in its actual sense, in what it shall yet come to mean, does not exist. So read the history of Dorothea Lynde Dix. For the doors of the institutions for the insane and the criminal are wide and hospitable.

"I know only woman, and her disfranchised," said another woman. When Susan B. Anthony began her long and unflinching championship of an ostracised cause, colleges and high schools were closed to women. Medicine, law, the pulpit, and a host of minor occupations were barred to them. They could neither hold, will, nor devise property and had not even the right to their own earnings. To the righting of these wrongs she consecrated her life.

What Susan B. Anthony and the heroic little band of women who linked strong hands have accomplished is too well-known to need feeble reiteration. Its record is written in the Cause of Woman as it stands to-day. The vivid personality of that gallant, fearless fighter who came in 1820 and passed in 1906, is still too vital and living to demand pale reproduction.

But perchance it may not be quite so well known that the agitator, the pleader, the organizer, who succeeded in arousing public sentiment, 400,000 strong, in a petition to Congress for the introduction of the thirteenth amendment was also Susan B. Anthony.

In Frances Willard and Susan B. Anthony there were

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these similarities: Each was first roused to action by the horrors brought to woman, home and communities through liquor. Each saw in woman enfranchised the solution. Each was self-reliant, fearless, a born agitator and organizer. But there was this divergence: With Frances Willard, wide as was the field she covered, valuable as was her contribution, her work was intensive rather than extensive. All other issues were but the means to an end—abolition of the liquor traffic. An end as important as was that other traffic in human souls, so long abolished. She gave her life, her energy, her genius, to the cause and the organization with which her name is synonymous. Its history is her biography.

In astronomy, we find the names of Caroline Herschel in Germany and of Maria Mitchel in America.

Caroline Herschel worked in collaboration with her brother, Sir William Herschel of fame, receiving as a reward of merit the appointment of assistant astronomer—a hitherto unheard of distinction for woman. But during her ninety-eight years of residence upon this planet she found time to discover on her own account eight comets, any quantity of nebulae, and to present the Royal Society with a catalogue of five hundred and sixty stars. Quite a tidy record for a woman and a member of the untitled sisterhood.

In 1847 Maria Mitchel also discovered a neat little comet of her own. This brought to the young astronomer fame and practical recognition. In 1865 she was called to fill the chair of astronomy in new-born Vassar. Her years of service there are an open book that "He who runs may read."

When asked why she had never married, Rosa Bonheur, the only woman in France to wear the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, made this characteristic reply: "Well, sir, it is not because I am an anemy of marriage; but I assure you I have never had the time to consider the subject."

Charlotte Cushman, the greatest tragedienne America has ever known, voiced similar sentiments in full-blown language. "Art," said she, "is an absolute mistress; she will not be coquetted with or slighted, she requires the most entire self-devotion, and she repays with grand triumph." And

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Charlotte Cushman should have known whereof she spoke, for to art—and art alone—was she wedded.

In the field of literature the list of those who apparently "never had time to consider" the subject of matrimony is a notable one. England can claim Jane Austen, that painter of pen-portraits in miniature; creator of real life in a period of stilted artificiality.

To England also belongs the unique Bronte trio. It is true that Charlotte at the age of thirty-nine married, dying within the year. But her creative work remains that of the solitary woman.

Harriet Martineau's place in the Hall of Fame of the House of the Unwed rests not alone upon the popular romances she wove around the weird topic of political economy. She was the active partisan of three causes: freedom of trade; freedom of the slave; freedom of woman—none of them subjects of popular enthusiasm during that epoch.

Then there was Hanah More, Frances Burney, Maria Edgeworth, Adelaide Proctor, Jean Ingelow—all unmarried and all known to fame.

The name of Margaret Fuller is an early star in the firmament of young literary America. She lives to-day, not so much as the woman of letters and erudition who dabbled in written words—many words—but as Margaret Fuller, a bundle of eccentricities and genius—cordially disliked by many, understood by none. Like Charlotte Bronte in England, when in the late thirties she married—and died within a short time. But it is the work and personality of Margaret Fuller, free and unattached, that is vital.

No history of literature in America is complete without the name of Louisa M. Alcott. She stands in a class by herself. Her stories, fresh with a dew of youth and hope and cheer, refute imitations. The children she created, vital, wholesome, real, even as she was real, are the hostage she gave to humanity. What mother has given more?

Let the list be completed with the names of the Carey sisters—Alice and Phoebe; with that of Elizabeth Stuart

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Phelps, whose finest creative work was done while unmarried; with Sarah Orne Jewett and her creations of reality. And then let us desist. For many names are wearisome to the flesh.

And these are the spinsters of the past; the women who have made history. What of the spinsters of the present; the women who are making history?

Statistics—to pelt the unfortunate reader with these deadly missiles—tell us that among women of eminence 16.3 per cent have not been married; that 49.2 per cent of this number belong to the Nineteenth Century, and that this percentage is on the increase. This has a convincing and statistical sound pleasing to the ear. But be this as it may, the spinster of deeds and actions is present with us.

There are the unmarried women of to-day whose names are of national and international importance. Jane Addams, Ellen Key, Anna Howard Shaw, Helen Keller, Ida Tarbell, Maude Adams, Anne Morgan, and Helen Gould—late of the ranks; these women and their works are known. For the chapter which they are writing is still damp from the press; the ink upon its pages is yet undried.

But there are other women—those countless others in the ranks of the unwed. Their names are unknown to fame; their field of activity is narrower. But, nevertheless, they are achievers, history-makers, more or less—perhaps more. For with our peculiar sense of values, with our fatal lack of perspective, our human inability to see in wholeness, we may not know. But this we do know: The unmarried woman of to-day, in every field, is a force with which to reckon.

This, however, is not a brief for spinsters. In the nature of things it cannot be, for the greatest maker of history on record was a married lady, in excellent standing, as a monogamist. When Eve, wife of Adam, in an incautious moment tested the apple and overpersuaded that excellent and well disposed man, she set up an endless chain of indebtedness for poor humanity. In the shadow of the huge rolling snowball of Eve's achievement, the minor activities of spinsters and non-spinsters are lost to sight.

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In the painful interval that has elapsed since the epoch-making days of the wife of Adam there have been many other women, all married more or less, whose names flame from out the grey pages of history. To return to the iron-clad statistics already arrayed against the reader, 16.3 per cent of the women of eminence have not been married. This presents a neat problem in mathematics which, allowing for human error, leaves a balance of 83.6 per cent for the other side.

It is true that many of this number were those specialists in sex upon whose whim of the moment rested the life of human beings, the affairs of state, the wars of nations.

The list is a long one; a dazzling one on paper, when not linked with the physical actualities of those merry days of lust and filth and slaughter. It is not harmonious to associate these joyous and unfettered ladies with so uninspiring an institution as matrimony. Yet, by grace of statistics, a quite lawful husband is commonly discovered lurking in the background of time or eternity. However, accident or honorable motives of ambition, finance, or state reasons can ordinarily be offered in extenuation.

The debt the world owes to these women is a heavy one. Just how far their deadly sexual appeal to the figure heads of history has impeded humanity as human beings cannot be estimated. How many of the chapter titles of today's civilization, with its open pages of greed, luxury, poverty, sensuality, disease, artificiality and inhumanity have been written by these self-seeking adepts in sex will never be known. Dead, they have been immortalized by historians. Naughty, but from a masculine standpoint, exceedingly nice and desirable. Women invested with a mysterious charm; the favorites of rank and loyalty; the rulers of rulers; the radiant beings for whom the common people were privileged to supply jewels, money, servants, estates, and all the other necessities of royalty and its mistresses. Reprehensible, of course—not the parasitic existence, the draining of the life blood of the people, but the little lapse from chastity, that premium jewel in every good woman's crown of virtues. Reprehensible, but charming and romantic—in the reading.

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Let us leave them. Their bodies have long since been purified by clean earth. To return to that wholesome standby of statistics—the remainder of that 83.6 per cent so carefully computed.

There are the women who have lived and long since passed; and who, in living, found something more than vanity, intrigue, unholy luxury and subjugation of man through sex. Their vision, even as is ours, was limited; their horizon dark with clouds. They were crude, even as we of today shall be crude to those of a finer and truer civilization. But afar, though dimly, they beheld a vision.

There are the women close to our own generation; those who have achieved in art, science, literature; who have struggled and won upon every battlefield of woman's endeavor. Who have given the blood which was themselves to a jeering world. These are the women who with tireless hands have written, and still are writing, the meaning of freedom and humanity in the blotted and grimy and blood-stained chapters of our civilization. They, too, have passed beyond the world of flesh and sense; but the essence that was themselves is deathless.

There are the women of today. They are vital forces giving of their vitality to an anemic world. Battling toward Truth through thorny and devious paths; beholding her distorted through the fog of centuries. Yet it is Truth, veiled, which they see. It is Truth, undiscovered, for which they give battle. In the half light their hands are tentatively reaching out to one another and to all that are cast in the mold of humanity. And upon the horizon quiver the mystic colors of the rainbow of fulfilment.

But what of the world's indebtedness to those other women? Those women beside whose monumental labor the achievements of the 83.6 per cent and the balance of 16.3 per cent are but a ripple lost in the vast ocean of human accomplishment. Their voices cannot give witness; their names are unknown to history. Organizers and executives of the home in the days when each home was a central station of industry and manufacture. They spun and wove and carded and dyed

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and knit and sewed by hand. They brewed and baked and scoured. They made their own yeast, their bread and pastry and preserves, their soap and candles. They brought children into the world unflinchingly and nursed and reared them. They were of stern fibre; they had to be. And it is this unyielding fibre running through the tangled threads of civilization that holds it taut.

Therefore, for the 83.6 per cent plus the 16.3 per cent: for the trifling minority whose names we know, let us give thanks. But for those unknown women, those countless silent, toiling women who laid the foundations, let us give thanks standing.

NOCTURNE

LOUIS GINSBERG

THE rustling trees are growing dimmer,
Like blowing vapor in the night;
And down the street, the arc-lights glimmer
With pale and silver pools of light.

Without a word, we two are walking;
Far off a lonely window gleams;
There is no further need for talking,—
Dimly your hair is dripping dreams.

About you subtle fires quiver;
The silence settles on your brows;
The night is hushed... the winds shiver;
And darkness rustles in the boughs.

Here, in the peace from din and riot,
The stars are foaming down the sky,—
Oh, we are walking very quiet;
What songs are hotly trembling by?

There is no need of your replying,
And suddenly you turn away;
The darkness rustles into sighing...
And I have nothing more to say.

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THE LOVE OF POETRY

MAY TOMLINSON

IT is rather curious that men should boast of their indifference to things poetical. Yet it is not uncommon to hear a man say, with entire complacency, "Oh, I am a practical person; I don't care for poetry."

The utterance comes even from the lips of women, whose souls are supposed to be less absorbed in wordly projects and more attuned to spiritual things. It indicates, I believe, a quite universal attitude. Indeed, the layman so exceptional as to be a lover of the poets, if he would escape being thought an oddity, must commune in privacy, he must practice reticence, he must cherish his love as a secret thing, a thing not to be talked about. Eventually he comes to feel as I felt when a friend, having read at my request an essay I had been doing on the enjoyment of poetry, said to me, with perfect sympathy but entire frankness, "Not one person in a thousand feels as you do about poetry." A kind of forlornness came over me. Was I, or were the nine hundred and ninety-nine, most to be pitied?

It was not always thus with the English-speaking race. "There are abundant evidences of a general susceptibility, in the times of Shakespeare, hardly inferior to that which the Greek people must have possessed in the best days of their drama." And even in later times, even in the days of Wordsworth, when that poet was lamenting,

> No grandeur now in nature or in book
> Delights us;
>
> The wealthiest man among us is the best;
>
> Getting and spending we lay waste our powers;

—even in those days there must have been a quite general response to the spirit of beauty and of joy. How can we account for this decline of interest? What has wrought the change?

Perhaps chief among the causes which have done much

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to deaden this susceptibility is the growth of general and "useful" knowledge. The awakened interests in scientific study has been far-reaching in its results; and, in the application of this newly acquired knowledge to the practical problems of life—the development of material resources, the advancement of commercial and industrial interests, the improvement of hygienic and physiological conditions—man's physical and mental powers have been taxed to their utmost. Prodigious engineering feats have been performed; great rivers have been spanned, great webs of steel swung from shore to shore, structures to the eye as graceful and airy as fabric woven of gossamer words, yet strong enough and broad enough to carry the inrush and egress of populous cities; great waterways have been constructed; streams and mountains have been tunneled; the path of the iron horse has been extended from ocean to ocean, until now its shriek pierces the silence of mountain solitudes, and its swift-moving form breaks the emptiness of desert waste; winged ships, that cleave the air like birds, have been devised; a way has been contrived for the transmission of messages on the wings of the air, that fluid element thus becoming a vehicle of speech. Surely, this has been an age of marvellous inventive activity, an era of tremendous achievement.

And now, elated by our successes, we have perhaps become somewhat overpleased with ourselves, somewhat blind to our limitations, somewhat mistaken in our conception of true values. In our frenzy to reach the goal, we have pushed on regardless of the rich realms stretching away on either hand; we have had no time to turn our eyes to the charm that surrounds us. In our greed for information, our passion for exact truth, our worship of the practical, our acceptance of success as a test of greatness, we have somewhat lost sight of the higher things. While we have been eagerly amassing wealth and diligently providing ourselves with the comforts and conveniences of life, we have not been unmindful of educational interests; but it can hardly be said that we have been fruitful in ideas or covetous of spiritual life.

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Coincident with the growth of material prosperity is the spread of a more rigid conventionalism in society. Wedded to luxury, we have lost our light-heartedness; care sits heavy on our shoulders; the joyousness that gave impulse to those gay-spirited revels of Shakespeare's time—the mad-cap May-day frolic, the morris dance, the old-time Christmas festivities—we know nothing of. We have forgotten

> . . . the tender scheme
> Of teaching comprehension with delight,
> And mingling playful with pathetic things.

We find our amusement chiefly in things mechanical or semi-mechanical,—the automobile, moving-picture films, musical records; even to those games in which we delight and for which we save our enthusiasm, we take our gaming, betting, money-making habits. We have no true sense of freedom, no right conception of aristocracy; we are careful to know the right people, to do the right thing, to wear the right clothes. Our spiritual sympathies and affections are in abeyance; all our intensity is in the direction of strenuousness; that "holy calm" of which the poet speaks seldom overspreads our soul. Spring and summer, the winter snows, the summer shade, day and night, morning and evening—what do these pour forth for us in the way of spiritual food? That lustrous planet glowing nightly in the western sky—what does that speak to us? And these delicate, familiar, every-day joys so precious to Mr. Noyes' ghosts when they creep in by candle-light, when all the world is fast asleep, to look round the old familiar room; to see the old books upon the wall and lovingly take one down again; to hear the ticking of the clock, the sound of clicking embers; watch the play of shadows—do these things delight us as of yore? Or is our home content somewhat marred by an itching to have what others have, to do what others do? Does not our striving and straining somewhat unfit us for the enjoyment of simple pleasures?

Quite in accord with, and a natural sequence to, our absorption in the things of this planet is the amazing development in the art of short-fiction writing. It is easy reading;

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it puts no great strain upon the mental powers and calls for no great exercise of the imagination; it is entertaining and sometimes even charming; it satisfies our curiosity about life and our interest in the things that happen. Although novelist and poet are equally concerned with the human soul, it is perhaps the writer of short fiction on whom the charge to delve deeply into the secrets of human motive and human impulse falls most heavily. The fictional element seems not to add very greatly to the popularity of verse. *The Ring and the Book,* for instance, makes no popular appeal, though the material from which it is wrought—as Mr. Henry James points out—holds rich fictional possibilities. No, it is short fiction and not poetry that occupies our leisure hours. And we are reading this form of literature because its realism is in accord with the taste and thought of the time.

It is likely, however, that short fiction in its natural development will tend more and more toward the poetic, and that the aspiration of the artist will be more and more in the direction of a purely imaginative presentment of his theme. An enlargement of the poet's sphere is also inevitable. The two arts may in time be merged into one, having identical functions, delving from the same sources, and working in the same pure gold of fact. That would indeed be a noble art which should unite the poetic qualities of atmosphere and suggestiveness with the absorbing interest of narrative, the magic and charm of poetry with the intensity and impressiveness of fiction, the poet's transfiguring power with the novelist's gift of vivid and exquisite depiction. The quickening power of such an art would be inestimable.

But an exclusive diet of short fiction as we know it does unquestionably leave the spiritual nature imperfectly nurtured. That man should willingly forego that experience of ecstacy which the poet alone can give; that he should deliberately remain unacquainted with the mystery of beauty, that he should knowingly starve that essential part of himself, seems inevitable. I have been reading this very day Walt Whitman's *Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking,* that song so pathetically tragic and yet so soothingly sweet—I

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have been reading the poem with a new realization of the universality of its appeal and a new sense of the largeness of its theme. Life, joy, love, loss, yearning, grief—what a wide gamut of emotions!—and last "that strong and delicious word, death"—these are the notes sounded.

Doubtless, what we need today is some large wave of public thought or feeling to stir us to the depths, some state of excitement such as swept over Europe during the early years of the nineteenth century, that period during which such men as Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Scott, Moore, Byron, Shelley, and Keats were contributing to the glory of English literature. It is possible that out of the turmoil now agitating the countries of Europe there will germinate a movement which shall usher in a new order of things, a force which shall turn the focus of the mind from material to spiritual interests; it may be that a new generation of poets will arise to proclaim the new birth of the soul; it may be that in the gayety of our hearts we shall sing aloud, uttering such notes of gladness as the world has never known. Surely, some fresh vista is about to open to our view; some foundation there must be to the universal faith in the unfolding of a larger sense of brotherhood. And may we not hope that, along with this more vivid feeling of fellowship, will come a clearer realization of individual responsibility, a new eagerness for self-development, a fuller comprehension of the fact that effective and acceptable service demands, not self-glorification, not perpetual self-consciousness, but more complete self-knowledge—not an envious dislike of greatness, but an unswerving loyalty to what is above us?

That will perhaps be a time of widespread delight in the poet's magic lines and phrases, a time of general susceptibility to those subtle effects which characterize the poet's art, a time of responsiveness to all delicate joys wherever presented.

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TOWARDS DAWN

HARRY KEMP

THE night verged slowly into dawn:
I waked while others slept,
Till through the shutters closely drawn
The infinite daylight crept.

I could not keep the morning out,—
Through every chink it came;
It poured its growing beams about
My lamp's decaying flame.

And when I left my written words
The sun was at my door:
I never knew so many birds
Lived in the trees before.

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JOYOUSNESS

JOHN AMID

THERE'S a word for you, Joyousness. A word to conjure with, *Joyousness!*

What a serious old world it is, to be sure. That's a funny thing, too, when you come to think of it. For here we are, all of us, countless myriads of little human animals crawling over our melon, the earth—seeking day after day, year after year, for joy, gayety, happiness. To think that we should be so futile. That our combined efforts should amount to so little. That after untold centuries of the steady pursuit of joy, we are still so unthinkably far from the goal. Such a serious old world!

Look at the faces of the people you pass on the street—the tired lines around the corners of their eyes, the droop at the ends of their mouths. For a single smiling face, full of hope and courage and joy, how many there are that show only weariness, discouragement. Indeed, the discrepancy between this will-o'-the-wisp goal of our dreams—happiness—and the gray actualities of life is so vast that we don't even like to be reminded of it. The person who tells us to be happy is regarded either as a tiresome preacher or a fool. Possibly both! Don't we know all there is to know on that subject? We've heard too much of it already.

I wonder . . .

Certainly it touches us very nearly. The oldest truths are inextricably intertwined with the newest; the greatest thoughts are, in some instances, through wide acceptance, commonly regarded as the tritest. Do we make no mistake in closing our ears when told to be more joyous?

Surely the opportunities for joyousness are greater than we realize. It were discouraging indeed, to believe that all mankind has so far achieved upon this planet, that all the intelligence which we have amassed, that all our philosophies, our reasonings, and our religions, leave us tired and discouraged because nothing better is possible. To believe we're already as happy as we can possibly be, that it would be use-

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less to attempt to be more joyous, that the dissatisfying results of our great hunt are the very best that we can expect —there's pessimism for you! We know better.

We're too busy to be very happy. Paradoxical! Our efforts in the pursuit of happiness deprive us of happiness itself. All day long our minds are full of petty worryings, our bodies are active amid the things that lie nearest at hand.

There can be traced in this loss of the goal, through absorption in the race, a queer confusion of ideas. Beginning, consciously or unconsciously, our search for joy, we look about us for the nearest implement that shall aid us in our hunt; and, striving to grasp it, we forget the final goal. As a means to happiness we seek power; going a step further, to secure power, we seek money; and so absorbing, so enervating does the search for the great token become, that we forget utterly our final object, which is not money, nor even power, but joy itself. Joy for others—joy for ourselves. Not infrequently, with eyes gazing fixedly at the all-important dollar, we skirt close to happiness, and rush on, unheeding, with the dollar just in front of us.

There is something infinitely piteous in the great composite picture that we present, scrambling madly for the things with which we hope to capture happiness, while happiness itself stands sadly by waiting, wishing, to be caught. What a queer lack of perspective we must acknowledge, that we allow trifles to obscure all our sky. Had we only the vision to perceive, always, a gnat before the eye as a gnat before the eye, and not a chimera upon the horizon, what a different world it would be!

But no. We move about our daily tasks hemmed in by a sense of the vast significance of non-essential things. Children! Unable to enjoy the luncheon before us, because of our dissapointment that we can't eat the cake first. Today it rains; because we cannot play out-of-doors, the day wearies us. Tomorrow, in the sunshine, crying over a castle of mud, we will forget the warmth, and decide to play with our blocks. Only when great upheavals come to us—vast avalanches of

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emotion—are we shaken back for a time into the clear sight that is ours by inheritance, into the perspective that sees all things truly, that a dress is merely a dress, a dinner party a dinner party, and the love of a child a thing transcending words.

We live on from day to day, worrying ourselves sick over matters that seem, to our clouded vision, vastly important—no time for pleasure, no time for merely enjoying life, merely one long battle against hopeless odds. One trouble succeeds another, gradually clouding everything—until, perhaps, there comes a final crash; our worst fears are realized.

Well? . . .

We pick ourselves from the dust of our fallen houses, merely to realize of what little consequence they were. We are the same people, with the same affections, rewarded by the same affections of others. Life still throbs about us, the trees are as green, the breeze as refreshing.

We are wonderfully careless. A man will exercise far greater care in catching trout than in pursuing joy. We make, for the most part, no conscious effort to be happy; we think of happiness as a distant goal to be reached, sometime in the faraway, as a result of our present frantic endeavors, rather than as a condition constantly within our grasp. Tomorrow we'll retire and settle down; tomorrow we'll marry, and live happily ever after; tomorrow we'll take the vacation we've been promising ourselves. Tomorrow, maybe, we will be happy. But today—well, there's too much to be done today, and we'll have to be about it if we're going to get through in time for dinner. Happiness will have to wait.

One peculiar idea, at the present time, interferes vastly with our enjoyment of life—an oddly distorted view derived from the very religion that should make most directly for the greatest possible proportion of joyousness. We regard happiness almost as a vice. We feel that to enjoy ourselves consciously would imply a lack of virtue, of religion, of the power of sacrifice. Strange heritage from the Puritans! We

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seek, by denying ourselves life, to obtain it more abundantly. "For my sake." We lose the point, I'm afraid.

But if we present a sorry spectacle as we search so fruitlessly for this great good—happiness—how are we to set about remedying the condition? How shall we become more joyous?

Once we decide that it is both a duty and a privilege to find what true enjoyment we can, the course becomes much clearer. A proper perspective then will not be so difficult; we can attempt whole-heartedly to keep open the road to our hearts' desire. We can compel trifles to remain trifles; we can seek more earnestly the things most worth while. We can make a conscious effort to apprehend that happiness which lies already about us. We can begin to derive more definite enjoyment from our books, from music, from clouds, the view of the hills, the smoke above the city, food, the society of our friends. Few people realize what results will follow a conscious effort to find pleasure in the present moment, the immediate task, the surroundings of this hour.

> "If I have moved among my race
> And shown no glorious morning face—"

writes Stevenson in that wonderful little prayer. And what a searcher for happiness may be discerned behind those lines! The wistfulness of the man who has brought us all somewhat nearer the goal through his own conscious effort to apprehend it. Did he ever notice, I wonder, in his brief study of the law, those words of Blackstone: "A kind and beneficent Providence has reduced all natural law to the one great paternal precept, that man need only pursue his own true and substantial happiness." Surely it was some such thought as this that the author of the whimsical "Apology for Idlers" had in mind when he wrote of the value of demonstrating that greatest of all theorems—"The Livableness of Life."

Joyousness! What a word! And to be had for the asking. *Joyousness!*

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